THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVII. No. 1206 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1954 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	489
THE INDO-CHINA STORY	492
GENERAL PRACTICE NOW AND TOMORROW. By Dr. Janet Vaughan	493
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	494
BIRD SANCTUARIES. By Sagittarius	495
THIS ENGLAND	495
ON EDUCATION. By J. B. Priestley	495
REPORT ON POLAND—III. By Frederick Kuh	496
A HUNDRED OVENS. By J. E. Dawson	497
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: Sculptural Vacuum. By John Berger	498
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.*	Page
A New Talent. By T. C. Worsley	500
Little Italy. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	500
Look and Listen. By William Salter	500
The Movies. By William Whitebait	501
CORRESPONDENCE	502
From Jack Fishman; Paolo Treves; Arnold and Elizabeth Kaufman; David Farrer; Leonard Kasler; Keith Vaughan; Guy Daniel; Michael Swan.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	504
LINES FOR THE DUCHESS. By James Reeves	505
REVIEWS:	Page
An Instrument of Improvement. By Stuart Hampshire	505
The Perennial Problem. By Walter Allen	506
Detection and a Thriller. By Ralph Partridge	506
Spectator ab Extra. By George Whalley	508
The Gentle Enemy. By Michael Howard	508
New Novels. By John Raymond	510
SHORTER REVIEWS	510
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	511
CHESS. By Assiac	512
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	512

It Can't Happen Here . . .

Two announcements this week indicate that whatever happens to Senator McCarthy, McCarthyism is still in the ascendant across the Atlantic. The first is the sensational news that Dr. Robert Oppenheimer has been suspended from all his government appointments pending the investigation of loyalty charges against him. The second was a less publicised, but no less significant promulgation by the American Secretary of Defence of new regulations for combating Communism in the Armed Forces.

Dr. Oppenheimer was the man chiefly responsible for the successful detonation of the first American atomic bomb. Through his recent Reith lectures, he was known to listeners to the Third Programme as a scientist with a deep and philosophical sense of moral responsibility. The news that a man of his eminence has now fallen under suspicion will damage what remains of the morale of American scientists. We are only glad that he has the courage and good sense to anticipate Senator McCarthy's well-planned onslaught by himself publishing the accusations against him and his reply to them in the columns of the *New York Times*.

There is a danger that the Oppenheimer controversy will divert attention from the new "loyalty" regulations announced last week by Mr. Charles Wilson, the Secretary of Defence. In future, every officer and enlisted man will be compelled to fill in a "loyalty questionnaire." Known Communists will be forbidden every kind of military service and even exempted from the draft. Suspects will be forbidden as "volunteers," and, when drafted, given "non-sensitive" duties at the lowest rates of pay. These regulations will not only apply to new recruits, but will be used to carry out a wholesale purge of present personnel.

But there is more to come. The new order states:

> It shall be the duty of every member of the armed services, to report to his commanding officer any information coming to his attention which indicates that the retention of any member of the armed services is not clearly consistent with the interest of national security.

Those who realise the literal-mindedness with which orders are enforced in the Army, Navy and Air Force will know best how to estimate the effect of these regulations on service morale and service discipline. In future it will be the duty of every American soldier, sailor and airman, to spy on his comrades and to inform against them if ever they express an unorthodox political opinion. As Mr. Alistair Cooke observed in reporting this news to the *Manchester Guardian*, "it obviously offers a rosy opportunity for every Private to be his own McCarthy." It is an odd sign of the times that we have seen no report of these regulations in other British newspapers.

President Eisenhower will no doubt defend this action on the ground that, if McCarthy's activities on behalf of Private Schine are to be successfully investigated next week, the Army itself—which McCarthy accused of coddling Communists—must be put above any and every suspicion. But in sober fact, these regulations constitute an abject surrender to the Senator's wildest demands. What concession to the spirit of intolerance can McCarthy now demand of the White House which has not already been conceded in the case of the armed forces? If Mr. Eisenhower, as a professional soldier, is prepared to outrage the traditions of the Army, to which he belongs, in an effort to appease the witch-hunters, what hope is there for the Civil Service, the press, the radio, the Universities and the schools? It was Sinclair Lewis who before the war wrote a novel in which he described how Fascism came to the United States in the guise of a strident defence of the democratic way of life—and called it ironically *It Can't Happen Here*. The novelist's odious fantasy of America as a police State seems to be coming true. Under the pretence of defeating the Communist conspiracy, the most hateful features of totalitarian intolerance—including the duty of spying on

comrades—are being introduced one after another. The next logical process is the appointment of Political Commissars in the Forces. To train children to report on the political opinions of their parents should also follow. In 1951 General MacArthur was dismissed by Mr. Truman, but in 1954 MacArthurism dominates the State Department promulgating the doctrine of "mobile, massive retaliation at places of our own choosing." In the same way Joe McCarthy, the boy from Wisconsin, may conceivably fall by the way. But what matter, if McCarthyism already rules the White House?

Tragic Failure in Kenya

The attempt to negotiate a mass surrender of Mau Mau units has ended in a failure that is the more tragic because it came so near to success. It is impossible to allocate blame for the armed clash which frightened more than 1,600 Mau Mau—assembling to discuss surrender—into believing that they were being led into a trap. Negotiations of this kind, which General Erskine very properly carried out in the face of much Settler opposition, are always hazardous in the conditions of guerrilla war; it needs remarkable leadership to induce either side to trust the other sufficiently to attempt negotiation, and unusual courage to organise the contact: there is always the danger that some "trigger-happy" patrol may destroy the chances when the meeting takes place. In this instance, the fiasco has not merely led to a resumption of the offensive against Mau Mau. More seriously, it seems to have strengthened the hands of the extremists among the forest gangs, who are reported to have arrested the delegates who had been negotiating with General Erskine. The idea of voluntary surrender seems to have been discredited just as it was being put to its first effective test. No doubt there are violent men on both sides who are pleased that the present chance has been lost, and that a tough policy is once again the order of the day. Whatever the European extremists may feel, however, it is essential that the Army—which carries the responsibility for pacification—should conduct itself in the next critical weeks in a way that does not remove the possibility of negotiation and settlement through voluntary group surrender. Sooner or later if there is ever to be anything but hatred and war in Kenya it will be because Kikuyu have themselves discovered a non-terrorist way to freedom.

The Grounding of the Comets

The inevitable grounding of the Mark I Comets represents a severe, if incalculable, setback both to British aviation prestige and to B.O.A.C., who are faced with a most serious operating crisis and, inescapably, a considerable financial loss. The whole tragic business has been thrown into relief by the commercial war precipitated by the arrival of the Comet I. If the British aircraft industry could produce, and British operators fly with safety, a long-range passenger aircraft with Comet standards of speed and comfort, the U.S. operators would be faced with losing to British carriers much of their mainline traffic, including the rich pickings of the North Atlantic, or else re-stocking with similar jet aircraft. Since the U.S. aircraft industry is, in all likelihood, at least five years off being able to put such a plane into service, an early decision by the American operating companies to switch to jets would be a grievous blow to Lockheed, Douglas, and Boeing. Hence the war of propaganda which has been conducted in American flying circles against the medium-range Comet I—despite the fact that the most serious challenge to U.S. supremacy in the field of large aircraft cannot be made by a medium-range plane, and so must await the Comet III. Hence, too, the doubts which have been cast in Britain on the disinterestedness of the U.S. official refusal to give the Comet I a Certificate of Airworthiness.

Do the events of recent weeks, which have culminated in the withdrawal of the British C. of A., justify the U.S. attitude towards the Comet? Not altogether. At the time when the U.S. authorities intimated that they were not prepared to issue a C. of A., the safety record of the Comet I compared favourably with that of most new air liners in their early days. What justifies the British change of mind is the total lack of explanation—and the rather sinister similarity—of the two recent disasters off the Italian coasts. The circumstances are such that sabotage cannot be ruled out. But everybody concerned with the Comet is necessarily working on the assumption that the fault lies with the aircraft. The full resources of the Ministry of Supply research establishments are being mobilised to seek it: if human skill and patience can find it, it will be found. Meanwhile, the commercial loss to the British aircraft industry may conceivably prove less formidable than would first appear. The exploitation of the world market was always reserved for the long-range Comet III, not expected to go into service before 1956. There is plenty of time to solve the mystery; and if the Comet III—a substantially different aircraft from the Comet I, and perhaps unlucky to share its name—lives up to its expectations, the U.S. operators will, in 1956, still be without an effective alternative.

Mr. Butler's Bevanism

The only remarkable feature of the four-day Budget debate was the failure of no fewer than five Socialist front-benchers to embarrass the Chancellor by giving their support to his remarkable statement on Defence expenditure. His actual words were: "During the coming year we must see to it that we obtain some definite relief from the Defence burden." Since this explicit admission that the cost of Defence has become economically intolerable was the precise purport of the reasoned amendment on which the Opposition divided the House against the Defence White Paper, it might have been expected that Mr. Gaitskell would have been eager to drive in the wedge between the Prime Minister and the Chancellor, and simultaneously to show how the increases in the social services and particularly in the old age pension could be ach ed without crippling increases in taxation. But this line of argument was notable by its absence. Though almost all the Socialists who manned the Service Ministries are now agreed on the necessity to cut Defence costs and reduce the term of National Service—and have apparently converted Mr. Butler to their view—the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer and his group of economic experts are still unconvinced. As a result Mr. Butler was enabled to evade the one really dangerous attack to which he had laid himself open and made an extremely effective reply to a very poor debate.

Malan Forces the Issue

Dr. Malan's decision to call for negotiations on the transfer of the three Protectorates is clearly intended to cause friction between South Africa and Britain, not, as he virtually admitted, to discover whether a transfer can be arranged. Despite his emphasis on constitutional forms, his speech made it clear that he had little hope of securing any agreement. The demand for negotiations is simply one more manœuvre, designed to stretch the ties between the Union and Britain a little further and to stimulate Boer nationalism—as Mr. Strauss rightly pointed out in the Assembly debate. What Dr. Malan wanted was a formal Assembly vote to endorse his bellicose and provocative statements about South Africa's intention to take over the Protectorates. To bolster his case, he made a disingenuous contrast between conditions in the three Protectorates—19s. per head spent on social services—and in the Union's Native Reserves, where the average is £3 7s. He also fell back on one of his stock arguments: in Basutoland there was a "hotbed of Communist agitation" over which South Africa had no control. Finally, he ridiculed the British insistence that the Africans concerned must be consulted: had not the same been said of the Central African Federation, which had finally been established in the face of African opposition? These are debating points, and the Premier replied to them in, it would seem, unambiguous terms. If Britain intends to stay in the Protectorates, and genuinely to protect African interests, Dr. Malan must be convinced that Britain is serious. The worst policy would be to prevaricate and then capitulate.

Co-operators Take Stock

Delegates from Co-operative Societies met recently under C.W.S. auspices to discuss the report of a special committee which has been considering the future of the Wholesale Society. Many Co-operators feel that this vast concern, with its wholesale turnover of well over £400 million, its own production of more than £100 million and its vast banking resources, is top-heavy and over-centralised, and that its final governing authority—a delegate meeting with a possible attendance of more than 9,000 and an actual attendance of about 2,000 persons—is clearly incapable of keeping any real control over its doings. There have been proposals to break the C.W.S. up into a number of separate bodies, with some sort of federation to hold them together; to separate the Banking Department and reconstitute it as an independent Bank with membership of the Clearing House; to reduce the number of delegates entitled to attend C.W.S. meetings—which have to be held simul-

taneously at a number of centres, the votes being all added up later—and so on. The special committee was heavily weighted with C.W.S. directors, and the majority report is devoid of drastic proposals. It proposes, in fact, a very mild reduction in the number of delegates, and an increase, long overdue, in directors' salaries. It also urges more centralised bulk buying by the C.W.S. on behalf of the local Societies, in order to get better terms for more standardised goods. The report tackles none of the fundamental issues, despite the evident fact that the Co-operative Movement is losing ground in its competition with private traders and is failing to adapt itself nearly fast enough to the changing patterns of consumers' expenditure.

NEW YORK

Trade and Politics

Our American Correspondent writes: The political schizophrenia paralysing American diplomatic and military policy is also bedevilling the development of a coherent foreign economic programme. Once again the opposition comes from the ranks of the Administration's nominal supporters in Congress. Once again they are the isolationists and the xenophobes. And once again they want to keep their cake and eat it too. They are implacably protectionist and are at the same time the most violent opponents of East-West trade. The Administration is conscious of the link between these two matters and, at bottom, has a relatively sane and liberal approach to both. But the unfortunate circumstance that the White House is disinclined to assert vigorous leadership, at a time when the key figures in the Congressional mechanism are not in accord with them, makes it unlikely that the Administration's wishes will prevail. The President's message a few weeks ago on the measures he would like to see enacted on foreign trade has caused scarcely a ripple in the tides of public opinion. This was partly due to the more sensational events in the international field. It was also partly due to the fact that, under the peculiar constitutional procedures of this country, Presidential legislative messages have come to be regarded as media for placing before the public the Chief Executive's credo on a set of political principles, and not necessarily as blueprints for actual legislation. The message was also somewhat of a fizzle because it was old hat. It followed very closely to the recommendations of the Randall Commission presented last January. If all these found their way into legislation, it would not do to sneer at the results. The President asked for broader powers to effect a downward adjustment of U.S. tariffs, an extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act for three years, customs simplification procedures, encouragement of American investment abroad, and relaxation of the "Buy American" rules, under which foreign firms are subject to discrimination in bids for U.S. Government contracts. There are many more startling proposals that he could have made, but even these are fairly liberal. But are they likely to become law? If the experience of the Randall Commission is anything to go by, the answer must be negative.

It would look, therefore, as if the Administration's legislative programme in this field, based as it is on the Randall Report, is in for a rough passage. The immediate response to the President's message when it was delivered was loud-mouthed opposition. This has been followed by the "silent treatment." This involves dropping the issue altogether until it is so late in the Congressional session that very little can be done. Mr. Dulles mentioned the issue of a "liberal" trade policy in general terms again last week in testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee. But there was little response, and certainly none on specific measures. The next tactic, once the subject is forced to the attention of Congress again, will be to propose counter-measures so extreme and frightening that the Administration will gratefully accept much less than it originally requested, by way of a "compromise." Representative Simpson is already preparing his own tariff Bill as ammunition for this foray. It will propose across-the-board tariff increases. Of course this Bill could not pass, but it is calculated to bulldoze the Administration forces into making sizable concessions. Meanwhile, the Administration has had to step warily over East-West trade. They know that this is bound to expand, whether their neanderthal supporters like it or not, and they are beginning to recognise that in certain ways such an expansion can be to the advantage of the West. But they are afraid to admit it openly. So they have wrapped the whole matter up in a package of complex technicalities concerning embargoed lists of strategic goods and such like, so that the general public has been unable to get a clear picture.

ROME

Castellammare and E.D.C.

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Whether or not they were prompted by Mrs. Luce, Signor Scelba's mixed proposals for a drive against the Left-wing Opposition were not merely an answer to the Montesi smear campaign, but also a gesture towards the Government's critics on the Right. For some weeks, Catholic Action and other Right-wing groups have emphasised the widespread feeling that the Centre Coalition's majority is too narrow for bold and effective government; they suggest a bid for the votes of the Monarchists. Last month, in controversy over the Constitutional Court, this proposal was frowned on by the majority of Demochristians, at whose National Council the Centre again prevailed. But at the same Council, Right-wing critics of Signor Scelba were extremely outspoken, and helped to solidify the nucleus of Signor Pella's adherents. Speaking, last month, in Milan, the ex-Premier made clear, if guarded, references to "new formulæ," while, in Perugia, the Monarchist leader Signor Covelli was openly canvassing a return to the Pella policy of Right-wing alliance with the possible addition of the Liberals. More significant still was the general Demochristian response to the Communal election in Castellammare, where an alliance of Demochristians, Liberals, Monarchists and Neo-Fascists narrowly defeated the Left-wing bloc which had held the Commune for years. Although the margin was a mere 460 votes out of 29,662, and although the Communist gains here since last June's General Election were nearly twice those of the Demochristians, the latter's press hailed this technical victory as a straw in the wind and a signpost for future policy.

To Republicans, Social Democrats and Left-wing Liberals, the precedent of Castellammare looks sinister; while Socialists and Communists have made good use of the ammunition thus gratuitously offered them. Moreover, the recent Stock Exchange reactions to the long-overdue campaign against tax evasion, outlined by the Social-Democratic Finance Minister, Signor Tremelloni, suggest that Right-wing support would be an embarrassment, not an aid, to Government action over social reform. The Finance Bill is aimed against the concealment of speculators' profits and the avoidance of nominal ownership of shares. Protesting against its supposed threat to banking secrecy, and an earlier leakage of its content which they claimed upset the stock market, several managing committees resigned, and stockbrokers in Rome and Milan refused transactions. This caused further disturbance, and the big-business organ *Il Globo* sharply criticised the stockbrokers' "premature" action. But it was wary also of approving Signor Tremelloni, whose biggest difficulties, clearly, are yet to come. The Government's only real advantage from Right-wing support, indeed, would be a larger majority for E.D.C., whose passage is likely to be long and stormy. Despite the confiscation of numerous posters, the anti-E.D.C. campaign continues, with now a Left-wing intellectual weekly, *Il Contemporaneo*, closely modelled on the Left-Centre, but pro-E.D.C., *Il Mondo*. On this question, some Social-Democrats appear to be wavering; and Signor Scelba probably had the Monarchists in mind when at a recent press lunch he echoed Signor Pella's hints that Italy might make Trieste a condition for E.D.C. Whether it is worth the price of a "Castellammare" alliance remains to be seen.

SOVIET UNION

Communist Anxiety Over Viet-Nam

A Correspondent writes: With the approach of the Geneva conference Moscow seems to be getting more anxious—and angry—over all the Indo-China planning going on in Washington. Thus, the *Literary Gazette* of March 27 devoted four columns to a summary of the American press, entitled: "What business has the U.S. to interfere in Indo-China?" The article singled out *Newsweek* in particular. According to *Newsweek*, said the Moscow paper, the question had arisen of putting at the head of the whole Indo-China affair General Van Fleet, "the man who wiped out the Reds in Greece and later achieved a balance of power in Korea." Whereupon the Russian paper proceeded to quote Van Fleet himself, who, in a recent *Reader's Digest*, promised to "build up 25 divisions at the cost of one [American] division." In short, according to the Americans, said *Literary Gazette*, the problem is now of keeping the war going and enlarging it, on the understanding that France and the "Asiatics" will provide the cannon fodder. After quoting Dulles's remarks at his press conference of March 23, the Soviet paper commented:

> The sinister meaning of Dulles's words is clear enough . . . They confirm once again that the American leaders are playing a very big and dangerous game in Indo-China, with an incredible arrogance and cynicism, going far beyond anything known to the old-time colonialists.

A very similar note is struck in the front page editorial of *Pravda* of March 30, entitled "The Colonial Peoples Demand Peace and National Independence." This speaks of the "brotherly solidarity of the workers of the Soviet Union, with all those fighting for the freedom and independence of oppressed peoples." Is this just froth? It would be rash to say so, especially when Moscow is also talking of "the real forces existing in the present international set-up." It is certain that Russia—which until recently was urging the French to settle with Vietminh on a bilateral basis—and also China, are extremely anxious about the possibility of a massive intervention of the U.S. in Indo-China. As in the case of Korea, both countries seem to be already preparing psychologically for the time when they may have to take grave risks, rather than passively watch the Viet Minh being exterminated.

WESTMINSTER

The Sleeper Turns

There comes a time in a football team or a company of infantry when a vague unease fills the ranks. Something, they feel, is wrong at the top. The same unease is sometimes expressed by the British electorate when it contemplates its political leadership. This feeling has become evident this week both in Parliament and in the East Edinburgh bye-election, which has reversed the steady trend in favour of the Tories shown in the last nine bye-elections. It is not a reaction against a specific act of policy, but a sort of subconscious heave as when a man turns round in his sleep when something disturbs him.

Although the Budget has occupied our time in the House and is interpreted as an important factor in deciding the East Edinburgh result, it is, perhaps, the minor dissonance in the major cacophany produced by the Government. The H-bomb explosion still lingers in the Chamber.

It is as well to remember that the British electorate can look as distrustfully at the loyal Opposition as at the Government. Once before, in 1952, when Britain was feeling a revulsion against the Government it had just elected a similar situation arose. The swing had been in Labour's favour, but after some weeks of regrettable, although perhaps inevitable, internecine warfare, the swing turned against it. Fortunately, however, Labour now appears, thanks to the H-bomb, the Budget and the recent Defence debate, to have established a unity which promises to endure. It is perhaps a little fragile. It can be fractured, for the party is not quite accustomed to Parliamentary fraternity. This danger was illustrated on Tuesday when Eden announced his agreement with Mr. Dulles on Indo-China. There is a lot to be said against such an announcement on the eve of the Geneva Conference. But there is nothing to be said for the exhibition it provoked on the Opposition benches. Attlee made a guarded comment, emphasising the danger of implying support for outdated Western Imperialism in Asia. This was not strong enough for Aneurin Bevan who rose to denounce the agreement in violent terms. This struck a spark which was fanned to flame by a supplementary from Stanley Evans, who asserted that Attlee spoke for the majority of the Labour members, whatever anyone else might say. There were cries of "No" and "Yes"; Bevanite shouts and Evanite shouts. The Tories cheered. And Churchill smiled for the first time in weeks.

If Labour Members start, once again, to hack at each other's intestines, the sleeping giant, the British electorate, will heave and turn—away from Labour again.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The Indo-China Story

IN April, 1954, when the destruction of Ho Chi Minh is a chief aim of American policy, it is worth remembering that the Americans once considered him not only as an ally against the Japanese, who then occupied Indo-China, but also as a valuable obstacle to the reimposition of French colonial power. This was in 1944. American pilots of the 14th United States Army, then based on South China, used to bail out in northern Tonkin, where they were helped by the Viet Minh (an abbreviation of the words for "League for Vietnamese Independence"), founded in March, 1941, by a number of nationalist and other groups with Ho Chi Minh at its head. The American O.S.S. worked closely with the Viet Minh, for they, after all, were actively fighting the Japanese and preparing the people of Indo-China to welcome the Allied armies when they arrived. The Viet Minh Declaration, which was the basis of their policy, spoke of the defence of democratic principles by the United States, Britain, Russia and China, and asked the Great Powers to "proclaim that after Japanese fascism has been overthrown, the Indo-Chinese people will receive full autonomy."

Apart from a few isolated individuals, who at great personal risk had provided the Allies with information, only a very few Frenchmen agreed to work with the Viet Minh in their campaign against the Japanese. By March, 1945, the Viet Minh had created a liberated zone of six northern provinces of Tonkin; and Ho Chi Minh's base was firmly established. In August, 1945, when Japan's surrender was only a matter of time, the Viet Minh held a national congress, which appointed a People's National Liberation Committee to establish a new regime. Ho Chi Minh was elected President. Later some Moderate Nationalists and the Catholics joined the National Liberation Committee and a Provisional Government was established. Eight of the fifteen members belonged to the Viet Minh, and five of these were Communists. On September 2, 1945, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam was proclaimed and Ho Chi Minh was elected President.

Meanwhile, the Allied Powers at Potsdam had made the disastrous decision to divide Indo-China at the 16th Parallel. In the North, the Chinese recognised the existence of Ho Chi Minh's Government. In the South, the British General Gracey not only refused to deal with Ho Chi Minh's Government, claiming—absurdly—that it was a Japanese puppet; but he armed French troops, freed from Japanese internment, disarmed the Viet Minh, declared martial law, and made use of Japanese troops to maintain law and order. By an agreement which Mr. Bevin signed with the French Ambassador in London in October, 1945, the area was handed over to the French, who soon brought in troops to "pacify" the country. Meanwhile, in spite of General MacArthur's reputed advice to General Leclerc to bring in "more troops—as many as you can," American O.S.S. men, led by Major Patti, roamed over Tonkin, assuring the Vietnamese that as the French had not taken part in the Potsdam talks, no agreement existed that French sovereignty should be restored. Later, in October, when Ho Chi Minh was offered economic advantages in exchange for a guarantee that the concessions for railways, roads and aerodromes should be exploited solely by American interests, he refused.

North of the 16th Parallel, where acceptance of Ho Chi Minh suited Chinese policy, the Republic was sufficiently consolidated by January, 1946, for elections to be held. More than 80 per cent. of the men and women over 18 voted, openly in Chinese-occupied Tonkin and North Annam, secretly in Anglo-French occupied Cochin-China. There was no doubt that Ho Chi Minh was personally popular or that the National Assembly of 400 members represented the people. French representatives who visited Hanoi were so alive to the realities of the situation, and so anxious to get rid of the Chinese, that they signed an agreement with Ho Chi Minh on March 6, 1946, recognising the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam as a "free State with its own government, Parliament, army and finance, forming part of the Indo-Chinese Federation and the French Union." They promised a referendum to determine whether Tonkin, Annam and Cochin-China would be united. In return for this recognition, the Vietnamese agreed not to oppose the French army when it arrived in the North to take over from the Chinese. A provision in the agreement specified that French troops were to remain only a short time; they were to be withdrawn in five equal annual instalments, ending in 1952. Similar agreements were made with the Kingdoms of Cambodia and Laos. Thus, in the Spring of 1946, if the French had been prepared to adopt a policy similar to that of the British in India, they could have achieved a peaceful compromise. It was in the hope that the French might consider such a policy that Ho Chi Minh went to Fontainebleau in July, 1946.

The failure of the Fontainebleau Conference was a turning point in relations between France and Viet-Nam, and for this failure the French must accept full responsibility. Their High Commissioner, Admiral D' Argenlieu set up a puppet regime in Cochin China and recognised this government as a "free republic" on the very day that Ho and his delegation left for Paris. He allowed French troops to move into the area inhabited by the Mois, and then under Vietnamese rule, in spite of an agreement to maintain the military *status quo;* and, thirdly, he called a conference, while the Fontainebleau discussions were still being held, to which he invited people from Laos and Cambodia as well as from Cochin China. After all this, it is not surprising that Fontainebleau was a failure. All that emerged was a *modus vivendi* signed by Ho and the Minister for Overseas Territories. A month later the French adopted a Constitution for the Fourth Republic which defined the French Union, unilaterally, in a colonial sense.

Back in Hanoi, the Vietnamese were very soon faced with a number of "incidents" which they regarded as "provocative" while the French declared that Viet Nam had upset the *status quo.* By December, 1946, hostilities were widespread; and they have never since stopped. On the French side, military strategy has been largely confined to holding the towns with their perimeters, while politically their aim has been to foster puppet governments. The Vietnamese, like the Free Laos and the Free Cambodians, have concentrated on guerilla warfare; politically, their aim has been to win the support of the people for a nationalist struggle.

The years 1947 to 1949 were years of a political offensive rather than of heavy fighting. Bao Dai, who had soon found the night life of Hong Kong easier than the nationalist struggle, was the focus of French hopes. But the majority of the people still supported Ho Chi Minh, in spite of the fact that his Government passed more and more under extreme Communist control. However, in June, 1948, aboard a ship in the Bay of Along, the French signed an agreement with Bao Dai recognising "the independence of Viet Nam as an Associated State within the French Union." The word "independence" was used for the first time, but it was hedged round by many qualifications, and the French still held ultimate control. So they did a year later when, in March, 1949, Bao Dai and Vincent Auriol exchanged letters which, when ratified, would make Vietnam an Associated State. Similar agreements were made during this period with Laos and Cambodia. Thus, by the end of 1949, Viet-Nam, Laos and Cambodia were technically "independent sovereign States" within the French Union. The Western Powers were ready to take this French farce at its face value; and, in turn, they recognised the "Governments" of Viet-Nam, Cambodia and Laos.

By 1950, the war in Indo-China was a vital

part of the Cold War; and the French Left began to see the dangers of America's interest in this strategic area of South-East Asia, which Thomas Dewey described as "the cornerstone of the American Pacific defences." In May, 1950, the Americans expressed this interest in the highly practical form of a financial agreement with France. Henceforth the French colonial war in Indo-China was part of America's over-all strategic plans to fight Communism, and French economy became doubly dependent on American aid. While the war in Korea was at its height, Indo-China was the second priority in American aid and American strategy. When the war in Korea ended, it became top priority. But dollars and supplies achieved only meagre results. The Vietnamese army had no enthusiasm for the struggle, while, as American aid increased, the French people began to show signs of war weariness. The struggle was costing France some 700-800 billion francs a year, twice as much as American aid to France. Before the last month's offensive, France had lost more than 30,000 men.

Ho's position is very different. For his followers it is a people's war, a national struggle for liberation not only from French colonialism, but from American imperialism. In the areas under Ho Chi Minh's control people who were kept backward under French rule are now encouraged to build their own economy and to raise their living standards. In Laos and in Cambodia the Resistance Movements put forward the same sort of programme, and since the end of 1950, their efforts have been co-ordinated. This co-ordination of effort has worked strongly in Ho's interests: his troops, for instance, have been welcomed as liberators by the Laos in the Luang Prabang area.

The Viet Minh position has been further improved by increased military supply from China. Until the last months of the Korean war, Chinese supplies were modest, and mainly on a barter basis. There is no evidence that Chinese troops had taken part in the war, although composite cadres from the Viet Minh had probably received training in China. Since the end of the war in Korea, Chinese supplies have undoubtedly increased—although material aid from China is a still very small affair compared with the billions of dollars worth of arms which the Americans have lavished on the French. There is still no evidence of Chinese troops taking part; but the struggle at Dien Bien Phu suggests not only greatly increased armament but an improved technique of positional warfare by an army which has so far concentrated on guerilla tactics. To attribute this to Chinese training is not unreasonable.

American intervention, followed by increased Chinese intervention, extends the area of danger and the risk of world war. But to the people of Indo-China and to the millions of Asians who have recently won their independence, the war remains a colonial war. For a long time it has been clear that the French alone could not win. Neither could Bao Dai. The only alternative which the French have so far adopted is reliance on a rapidly mounting American support. How long, Asians ask, can this continue without full-scale Chinese retaliation? President Ho Chi Minh has repeatedly put forward peace feelers that have been ignored by the French. His sincerity has therefore never been tested. What is certain is that, wherever Asian people are free to express themselves, they believe that it is not the Chinese who are the aggressors, but the French and the Americans. They are on the side of Ho Chi Minh not because he is a Communist, but because he stands for national freedom against French colonialism and American domination.

General Practice Now and Tomorrow

THE creation of the Emergency Medical Service in 1939 to meet the needs of war followed by the institution of the National Health Service has focused a strong searchlight on the various facets of medical practice in this country. Never has a single learned profession been subject to such scrutiny, such criticism and such a reorganisation by the State in its way of life within such a short space of time. Every new social experiment inevitably has growing pains, and the integration of the general practitioner into the National Health Service, in the early days, was far from successful. At the same time an article in the *Lancet* by a New Zealand doctor, Dr. Joseph Collings, describing a survey of general practice in this country, painted a most unhappy picture of both the conditions and standards of general practice. Administrative changes have been made, and further surveys have been carried out which serve to correct the impression, left by the Collings report, of squalor and inefficiency reigning throughout the surgeries of England.

Doctor Stephen Taylor, on behalf of the Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust, has recently made a study* of 30 practices run by 94 doctors, the practices being chosen because they were good practices but of different types, with a view to making "a picture of all that is best in general practice today so that doctors and administrators may be stimulated by what others have already achieved." Clearly the administrative changes are working in the right direction and Joseph Collings had ill-luck in his choice of practices. The Stephen Taylor report is a bad book—details of doctors filing systems, for instance, which should have been put in an appendix, intrude into the more widely painted picture and there is much undue repetition—but it is an extraordinarily exciting and important piece of social research. It proves yet again the value of detailed descriptive study. Description and analysis have their place along side of statistics and experiment in social, as in any other form of science.

The G.P., Dr. Taylor considers, is not merely the family doctor nor the first line of defence against disease. He is the man able to make continuing observation and have continuing care of the patient over the years, setting his diagnosis

". . . We must not be frightened of a little more ease and happiness . . ."
—— MR. BUTLER.

and treatment against the patient's physical, intellectual and emotional make-up and herein lies his unique contribution to medicine. The pattern of good practice may be extremely variable. In the country town it "seems to reach its finest flowering" but many excellent industrial practices were seen, excellent that is in their medicine though not necessarily so in their facilities. Stephen Taylor concludes that the case for health centre or group practice experiment is strongest in industrial areas, largely because of the physical conditions under which the work must be carried on. Group practice is not inherently better than individual practice, though as a whole doctors in a successful group practice probably do offer the public a medical service better than each could offer on his own. The four best practices he saw were (i) a doctor working single-handed, (ii) a doctor working single-handed with one assistant, (iii) a partnership of two, (iv) a group of six with one trainee assistant. Points in favour of group practice are:

(i) a group can afford better premises, equipment and ancillary services.
(ii) there is better opportunity for time off and holidays without necessarily employing a locum.
(iii) doctors within the group learn from one another by discussion and joint examination and are able to develop their individual interests.
(iv) it is easier for members of a group to hold outside appointments at hospitals, clinics, factories or elsewhere.

The importance to good practice of ancillary help is apparent on every page. Proper and continuous clinical notes are the basis of clinical medicine, but if he is to do his own job of caring for the patient the doctor cannot also be a record clerk. The secretary receptionist is his right hand and his left hand is clearly the district nurse. The importance of the district nurse in some practices today, and the increasing part she must play in the development of the whole pattern of the health service of the future, is indeed one of the outstanding features of this report. The ever-rising cost of hospital beds, due to the technical complexity of diagnostic and therapeutic procedures, apart from rising prices of fuel, food and labour, must mean that, once diagnosis is completed, and the proper therapeutic procedure, whether medical or surgical, is instituted, the patient should be returned home to the care of his G.P. The patients may however still need some nursing care, they will not necessarily be ambulant; they may well need special treatments such as injections. Both may be given by the district nurse under the direction of the general practitioner. The elderly, particularly, may continue to live as members of the community where they are both happy and often useful rather than being sent to some special geriatric backwater, if nursing care is available with supervision from their own G.P.

Modern medical organisation may to some extent have displaced the general practitioner from hospital, but it appears to be returning much acute and subacute medicine to his care in the home. Modern therapeutic advance, such as the discovery of the antibiotics, means that much acute medicine never goes to hospital.

Of the 81 G.P. principals visited in the survey, 30 held some sort of hospital post. Only three of those remaining expressed any desire for them. As long as they had open access to hospital pathology departments and to radiological departments for straight X-rays they were content. Experience in the survey suggested that, when G.P.'s have available both G.P. beds and specialist beds, the use made of G.P. beds was very small, of the order of one admission every four months per thousand patients on a doctor's list in summer, and one per month in the winter. On the other hand, the report emphasises the importance of giving G.P.s facilities for working in hospital as rotating clinical assistants, as long as such posts are regarded not as providing a second pair of hands in the hospital, but as an opportunity both of learning clinical medicine and for enabling the G.P. and the specialist to work together and appraise one another's methods and problems. If medical and surgical cases are to return to the home at the earliest opportunity, it is increasingly important that the general practitioner should know and understand the methods of the specialist who will, after all, have initiated the patient's treatment.

When the health service was set up it was often said that the general practitioner would in due course cease to be a doctor and become a bureaucrat. Stephen Taylor has shown that this is far from being the case. Given modest administrative skill the doctor can so arrange his day that his time is given to looking after his patients, but owing to the widespread introduction of rota systems he can also have the majority of his nights in bed and reasonable undisturbed leisure. Specialist services are now available throughout the country if needed, but the exciting clinical material seen in every surgery appears undiminished. A third of the G.P.'s work is concerned with serious illness, perhaps even more in the areas of high morbidity.

This report shows once again that general practice is what a man makes it and that it is still the most fascinating, absorbing and rewarding job in the world with an exciting future. What a general practitioner can do for his patients depends largely on himself and partly on the conditions society gives him in the way of housing, ancillary services and economic circumstances.

JANET VAUGHAN

**Good General Practice.* By STEPHEN TAYLOR. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

London Diary

THE diplomatic verbiage of Mr. Eden's statement on Tuesday does not hide the nature of Mr. Dulles's game. The British don't want war with China; most Frenchmen want peace with Ho Chi Minh. The popular idea behind the Geneva Conference is that negotiation with the Russians and Chinese may lead to a cease-fire in Indo-China similar to the Korean truce. Mr. Dulles is not so hamhanded as bluntly to reject this notion; a repetition of the Berlin Conference fiasco would suit him better. He seeks, he says, a united Western front in Asia. The British are unwilling to agree to an Asian Nato before the Conference, but there is clearly an understanding that they will fall in with the American conception of a united anti-Communist drive in South-East Asia, which will come into effect when the Geneva Conference has failed. Since Mr. Dulles has made it clear that America will continue to recognise Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa, will not agree to Peking on the Security Council, and will not accept any Communist advance in South-East Asia, including Indo-China, Geneva cannot succeed. So, if Washington's plans go smoothly, the Conference will break down, with the blame thrown as much as possible on China and Russia, and we shall find ourselves, unless Mr. Eden and the British Cabinet suddenly develop an unexpected attack of backbone, part of a military organisation designed to reimpose Western domination over the peoples of South-East Asia.

A string of young people carrying sandwich-boards "Ban the Bomb" reminded me of the agitations of the Thirties. In the Commons some three hundred people, including Labour M.P.s, representatives of peace, religious, Co-op and trade union organisations, met last week at a conference called by Mr. George Thomas and other M.P.s. Canon Collins and Sydney Silverman were appointed joint treasurers. Mass meetings are planned, and there is to be a nationally organised petition to demand an immediate meeting of the Big Three. Each time the horror of war increases we are told, absurdly, that there is a new "moral problem," when obviously the *moral* problem remains unchanged. But the H-bomb is in some ways a novelty. Scientists did not know what they were doing when they dropped the A-bomb; a team has settled in Japan for twenty-five years to watch how many of the victims of Hiroshima go blind or perhaps give birth to monsters. But the uncertainty of the H-bomb is far greater. As usual, scientists are at their most terrifying when they try to reassure us. One of them remarked the other day that the only miscalculation on March 1 was the inaccuracy of the weather prediction. But how can weather prediction for such experiments ever be accurate? The bomb creates astronomical heat, incalculable evaporation and up-currents in the sea; it creates its own weather. Radioactive snow falls have occurred in Canada, three thousand miles away from Bikini, and a small amount of radiation has been reported in the rain in Massachusetts. There is an atomic "fall out" over an unpredictably wide area because the conjunction of man-made and natural weather is anarchic. Any biologist will tell you that it is quite impossible to measure the effect of radiation on living things far beyond the test area, however large. The Prime Minister is only playing with words when he says the H-bomb explosion was not "incalculable," because within the theoretical limits there is room for miscalculations of immense proportions. The danger of a fatal "accident" to humanity lies not so much in the "know-how" as in the "don't know how."

* * *

Coventry, which has given its name to the modern form of warfare which consists in indiscriminate attacks on civil populations, has a right to protest against the present pretences of civil defence. The press has not noticed that it is only a protest; the councillors admit that they will be compelled to go through the routine, which is all the Government is doing anyway, but they say they will do so under protest. Their case is that the Government betrays its knowledge that A.R.P. is now a farce; it has been proudly licensing great new buildings in the centre of Coventry, without including a single air-raid shelter! In 1940-41 almost all the pre-war civil defence precautions proved useless; effective A.R.P. had to be improvised after bombing began. The tiny bombs, as they seem now, which then wrecked Coventry are, in any case, out of date; the Government itself acknowledges this when it fails to build shelters. In short, though there are circumstances in which, no doubt, everyone, whatever his class or politics, would be glad of some A.R.P. provision, Coventry is right in pointing out that no one, from Mr. Churchill downwards, now has the slightest idea what the right precautions would be. I remember myself, in 1939, attending a course of anti-gas lectures in Holborn!

* * *

Thanks to the B.B.C., we had a chance to see Joe McCarthy himself televised last Monday night. Ed Morrow's attack contained a devasta-

ing exposure of McCarthy's methods of "investigation": he also revealed in moderate and effective words that McCarthy's plan of climbing to power by character assassination was destroying the American way of life, which he was avowedly defending. McCarthy, given an uninterrupted half hour in which to reply, called Ed Murrow one of the "jackal pack" who always attacked anyone who wished to expose Communism; said that Murrow had "admitted" that he was once a member of the I.W.W. (an accusation which Murrow flatly denied, and which is, in any case, extremely unlikely, if only on the score of dates), and then proceeded to scarify susceptible listeners with maps showing the growth of world Communism. His trick was then to suggest that China could have only become Communist as the result of treachery in Washington such as he is exposing. Here is Joe's technique. No defence; one or two mean lies; a vicious attack and a highly emotional appeal to ignorance. The theme, once again, is that all methods of destroying Communism are justified, and that everyone who questions anything that McCarthy does in this laudable endeavour is himself a Communist or Communist stooge. I forgot to mention that McCarthy also attacked Murrow because he was a friend of Harold Laski. To this the answer is that all of us in England from the highest to the lowest and the most Right to the most Left-wing learnt in the blitz to regard Murrow as our friend.

* * *

I learn from St. Marylebone Central Library that its Committee has indeed decided "not to stock" the book described in a letter in this journal last week as "C. H. Rolph's *Women of the Streets*." (The fact is referred to again this week in a letter from the publishers of the book.) The Committee's attitude, I gather, is that no library can stock the 18,000 titles turned out by the publishers every year; but it does seem to me that a decision made before a book is even printed cannot possibly be a decision on merits, and it gives an unfortunate colour, at least, to the current charge that the libraries are exercising a "hidden censorship." Mr. Rolph tells me, by the way, that *Women of the Streets* is not "his" book: it is a report to the British Social Biology Council on street prostitution in London, brilliantly written by Mrs. Rosalind Wilkinson, a social science research worker who, he says, wrote at such length that an editor had to be found to reduce it to reasonable size for publishing. "And that," says Mr. Rolph, "is all I did. The report is Mrs. Wilkinson's—and the best on its subject that I've ever seen."

* * *

What a beneficent thing science can be after all! When you and I, gentle reader, were very young we read heroic stories of mad dogs which bit children. The only cure was immediate cauterisation; the poker was plunged into the fire and applied red hot to the wound. Neither Harry nor Harriet faltered, fainted nor cried out; hydrophobia was, as it were, nipped in the bud. In these days, let me assure kind inquirers, you can have your nose cauterised and the bleeding stopped quite comfortably. No heroism required. The red-hot poker is an electric wire; the offending spot is anæsthetised and, strange to say, you hear and smell your flesh burning as clearly and dramatically as if it were in the frying pan along with the shredded onions. One more of the great childhood terrors exorcised.

* * *

Do you see any newspaper reports, this otherwise lovely Spring, that a Tooting typist is cycling non-stop to Tristan da Cunha? You do not. Is no man pushing a peanut with the tip of his nose from Maine to Seattle? Does no pole, in either hemisphere, support a marathon squatter? We are not told. The silly season has turned grave, or it may be waiting for the first cuckoo. I welcome, therefore, two items of news reaching me from unofficial sources that show the human spirit to be still as incalculable as ever. First, all postmen, when delivering letters, tie them with bits of string in bundles appropriate to streets or tenement buildings, and throw the bits away as they dispose of each bundle. Three ladies in a London suburb, finding letters to *The Times* ineffectual in stopping this iniquitous waste of string, are forming a society to collect the pieces, tie them all together, and sell them as "reclaimed balls" on behalf of sick animals. Second: one of our multiple chemists' shops has in one of its windows a special display of "slumber-time" sedatives, from malted drinks to phenobarbitone, and in the adjacent window a pyramid of alarm clocks. The world may in many ways grow more frightening, but its occupants at least grow more interesting.

CRITIC

BIRD SANCTUARIES

While the Commons pass Bird Protection
Shielding species of Wildfowl (Various),
Corncrake, curlew and rock-dove rare;
Under the Bird Bye-Laws subsection,
Small fowl lodging in London areas
Face death-drives in Trafalgar Square.

Plans were laid for the mass ejection
Of birds found loitering in Westminster City,
To clean up monuments they infest;
Flocks were scheduled, a doomed collection,
To be cleared by the Standing Joint Committee
On the Starling Nuisance and Pigeon Pest.

Lethal engines defying detection,
Baited ledges, high-voltage traps,
Fireworks popping with frightening noise,
Luminous paint edging every projection,
Lightning-flashes, shocks, thunderclaps,
Stuffed-snake scarecrows, shrill-voiced decoys.

All were tried after due reflection,
On pillared perches and cornice lodging
That winged invaders might be reduced;
But wise birds driven to self-protection,
Divers death-dealing devices dodging,
Though chased and chivvied, came home to [roost.

While the Commons pass Bird Protection
For lapwing, little owl, mallard and widgeon,
Excluding the city fowl, scum of the air,
In spite of the Bird Bye-Laws subsection,
Outlawed starling, superfluous pigeon
Still survive in Trafalgar Square.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

On the occasion of our beloved Queen's return from her Commonwealth tour, let us all wear a miniature crown as a token of our loyalty.—Letter in *Sunday Dispatch*. (F. Rhoden.)

Before I was born, mother had a strong desire for raspberries, but they were out of season. I was born with a double raspberry on my left leg. It is pale pink in winter but brilliant red when raspberries are ripe.—Letter in *Woman*. (S. E. Durno.)

We asked your help in investigating a theory that nearly all Englishmen bend their heads to the right when they kiss a girl.

We'll let you know the result soon.—*Weekend Mail*. (R. J. Viney.)

Thoughts in the Wilderness

ON EDUCATION

WHEN I was sixteen I left school and found myself a job in a wool office. I had no intention of settling down in the wool business; I had already made up my mind to be a writer, and indeed was already writing hard; but clearly there was no living to be made out of writing for some years to come, so into the office I went. That I was allowed to remain there until I joined the army in 1914 is a tribute to my personality, which then, if not now, was a peculiar mixture of the insufferable and the enchanting; for there cannot have been many young clerks worse than I was in the long history of the wool trade. After about four and a half years in the army I received an ex-officer's grant that took me to Cambridge but by no means kept me there, even on a diet of bread and cheese and boiled eggs, so that I had to eke out with journalism, coaching, odd lectures, anything to earn a guinea or two. Finally, I left Cambridge for London, with some vague introductions and capital of about forty-seven pounds.

Looking back, I can see quite clearly now that the great formative period for me was neither school nor the Cambridge years. It was 1911–14, when nobody was trying to educate me nor paying for me to be instructed, when, in fact, I was working (though as little as possible) in the wool office. Our hours then were longer than most office hours are now: we had to be there at nine, took an hour for lunch, and usually finished some time between six and seven. (If we worked after seven we received sixpence for tea money. No refreshment was provided before then.) We still sat on high stools like Dickens characters, and I was adroit at looking as if I were entering up the bag book, on my high desk, when in fact I was reading the poems of Yeats or Chesterton's last essays, lying inside my open drawer, which could be closed in a flash. I could also make a slower journey to and from the Bradford Conditioning House, losing myself in daydreams, than anybody else in the trade. Nevertheless, in spite of all these dodges, the office claimed me all the week and never let me go on Saturday until about half-past one. Nor did I live just round the corner from it, for our house, on the edge of the town, was at least two miles away. The fact remains, however, that this was the time when I learnt most and came along fastest. The State was not investing a penny in me.

(And here, for the benefit of those readers who believe in the State but not much in me, let me strike a rough balance. What have I had from the State? A very modest contribution towards my childhood and early youth, a grant that barely kept me alive at Cambridge, and a few fees for jobs undertaken from a sense of duty. What has it had from me? Fortunes in direct and indirect taxation, in Entertainment Tax on my plays and films, in foreign currency it badly needed, to say nothing about my services as a fighting soldier (no great shakes) in one war and as a day-and-night propagandist in another war. And if I should now go broke and dotty, I might receive with luck a Civil List pension of about two hundred a year. That is if the country can afford it after meeting so many claims upon its generosity. I would have been ten times better off under George the Fourth.)

The truth is, I was fortunate during those years in my environment. My native city of Bradford is frequently mentioned, mostly by people who know nothing about it, as a kind of symbol of

" muck and brass," a stronghold of North-country narrow provincialism. But when I lived there, as a youth, it was considered the most progressive city in the kingdom. It was a Labour outpost. The first elementary school in the country where meals were provided was the one of which my father was headmaster. We had a Labour weekly to which, during this period, I contributed a regular page. Moreover, a number of Liberal German-Jewish families had settled there, as in Manchester, to give our West Riding dough a leaven of culture. Our Subscription Concerts followed the same plan as those at Leipzig. We also had our Permanent Orchestra and two great choral societies. We had three local daily papers, as well as several weeklies. We had two theatres and two music halls. We had a flourishing Arts Club and a Playgoers' Society. Our Central Lending and Reference Libraries were excellent. Bradford men were making their names in the arts and sciences. And though the town was ugly enough, the inviolable moors, where we walked and talked most week-ends, began only a tuppenny tramride away. For a few pence more, taking a train, you reached the Dales, the most beautiful countryside in England.

So there we were, walking towards our vast sevenpenny teas, arguing over our pipes of fourpenny Navy Cut, listening to Nikisch and Busoni, Casals and Kreisler, for ninepence, seeing Little Tich and Grock for fourpence, reading H. M. Tomlinson in the local paper and Chesterton's Saturday essay in the *Daily News*, buying our shilling classics or Nelson's old sevenpenny series. I am not growling and grumbling again. For all I know to the contrary, lots of youngsters in their late teens are having as good a life now. Here I am not contrasting two periods. I am explaining why, in my considered judgment, these years, when I was neither in school nor college, turned out the most rewarding years I ever knew. It was, I repeat, because I was fortunate in my environment. It was not that I went to the right sort of school, but that I was living in the right sort of town. (Of course it might not have been right for you, but it was right for me.) In theory no doubt it was all wrong that a " gifted youth " should spend his best years working long hours in a wool office. In practice it worked well. But it worked well, not because I happened to have massive determination and an iron will (I have never had either at any time), but because there was something in the atmosphere of that place at that period which encouraged me to develop and to grow. I do not think any school or college, by itself, could have done it. I would always have been wondering what was happening outside the walls. I would have been telling myself that this scholastic seclusion was not real life. I would not have taken anybody's word about what was going on in the outer world. But living as I did, I knew I was experiencing real life, exploring the outer world, taking what I wanted from my own town. Thus I was educating myself.

Let us take a look at what seem at first sight to be more formal processes of education. For example, at Oxford and Cambridge. In what lies their unique value? I would reply without hesitation that it lies in their successful creation (not quite what it used to be, perhaps) of an atmosphere of disinterested scholarship, an environment in which thought itself is triumphant. A young man can live for at least nine terms in a place that does not care a damn about the price of cotton and tin and the export trade. He can sit up all night arguing about God and Art. He can lock himself in, as I did once, with a tin of tobacco, a case of beer, and the whole of the Elizabethan Drama. In such places knowledge is in the very air. Not the formal courses of instruction but the atmosphere and the surroundings enrich the student. I have long thought it a shame that our students of music and acting have to live in London, lost among millions who care little or nothing for these arts. They would do much better if, as sometimes happens abroad, they received instruction in some place where the very landladies and bus drivers had a passion for music or the theatre, where the street outside was the ally of the school.

Now we have to spend so much on the school that we cannot afford to civilise the street. We are hoping that sooner or later the school will be strong enough to overcome the street, that a generation of teenagers will finally leave school to tear down the street and rebuild the town, If you argue with enthusiastic educationalists. they will admit under pressure that so far the street seems to have won, but they will declare their faith in the imminent victory of the school. I wish I could share this faith. But the odds seem to me too heavily in favour of the street, the town, the local environment. If their influence is not good, then the good influence of the school will not last long. To nine youngsters out of ten, the values of their home, their street, their town, seem far more important than anything learnt at school. There, outside, is real life, the world of the adults, towards which they are headed, away from the kid stuff of the classrooms. So it is largely a waste of time and money trying to persuade children that Shakespeare is our pride and joy if the town they live in cannot even boast one theatre, and prefers the films of Abbott and Costello to all that Shakespeare ever wrote. And if more and more youngsters leaving school want to read the *Daily Scream*, which steadily gets worse and worse, then what return is our national investment in education bringing? No doubt we need more teachers and should offer them better prospects. But what guarantee have we that they can successfully challenge the proprietors of the *Daily Scream*, the TV, radio and film experts, the advertising gang, the haters of the arts, the slow murderers of eager hopeful living? Who, so far, is winning all along the line?

But no, I must not growl and grumble. I will simply state the case, as I see it. I owe most to a time when I was not being formally educated but when I enjoyed an environment favourable to a youth of my sort. I realise that youth still has its opportunities, perhaps more of them in some directions than I had, but it does seem to me that by and large the environment is far less favourable than it was, chiefly owing to the recent development of mass communications and of what might be called a mass pseudo-culture. (Where comparison can be made, for example, with the popular press, the decline is obvious.) Meanwhile, we spend more and more and more on Education, hoping rather desperately that somehow and sometime the values of the school will triumph over those of the streets outside the school. And this costs us so much that we cannot afford to change and improve the towns that receive our boys and girls after they have left school. The environment they know in their later teens, probably their most formative years, is a dreary mess of cheap commercial values, in which any fire kindled in the classroom is likely to be soon damped down and smothered. Perhaps the educationalists are right, and we have only to turn a corner. Perhaps I am an odd fish and cannot argue from my own experience. But I cannot help feeling thankful that I grew up before we had achieved such progress.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Report on Poland

III. Economics, Culture and the Map

POLAND'S entire social structure is changing: it is being transformed from an agricultural to an industrial nation. A few years ago, 67 per cent. of the people were rural; the figure now is only 48 per cent. of a population which has shrunk from 35 million before the war to 26 million today. In this smaller country there are 3.5 million more wage earners than in pre-war years. So the home market has expanded quickly. About 2½ million peasants who rarely bought manufactured goods in the old days are now claiming their share.

All this is imposing new strains on Poland's economy. Before the war, industry produced only 30 per cent. of the national income; today it contributes 53 per cent. In the next couple of years or so, the Government intends to go on increasing heavy industry, but the accent will be on agriculture and on light consumer goods industries. Poland's Plan foresees a further 24 per cent. rise in industrial output in 1954-55—the ratio of light to heavy production remaining about the same. The target for these two years is a 10 per cent. rise in farm production. This is double the 1952-53 rate, but it is still far below current needs.

In this changing picture, the people are sated with propaganda, bored with glorification of the Soviet Union. I found evidence of this in some unexpected quarters. I had separate talks—for several hours in some instances—with one member of the Polish Politburo and five members of the Central Committee of the Communist Party; and I was a guest in homes of the highest officials, humble factory workers and peasants. An easy human relationship with these people, in the company of their wives and children, is possible for a visiting American journalist—something which has been unknown in Moscow for the past 18 years. In the course of our talk, an influential member of the Central Committee said that the regime had made a grave propaganda error: " It lacked the courage to tell the people that the situation was bad and they would have to suffer; it lied about the degree of well-being in the country; and it failed to do what Churchill did when the war was going badly—take the people into his confidence." And another C.C. member said: " After we began rebuilding the ruins, a too easy official view was taken. We underlined achievements without frankly explaining the cost they were bound to exact in work and shortage of consumer articles due to heavy investment in capital goods."

As for world affairs, the public is given only a picture through a distorting Communist lens. I should, however, add that a confidential sample inquiry, conducted recently by a responsible State authority, indicated that some 500,000 Poles regularly listen to foreign broadcasts, despite jamming by Polish transmitters, and many more listen at irregular intervals. Their reaction? Poles with whom I spoke hold the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe in low esteem. They are abusive and inaccurate, was the refrain. The same Poles remarked that the B.B.C. while hostile to Red Poland, is objective and shuns vituperation.

When a young Pole faces the question, " Shall I join the Communist Party? " he is often in a quandary. To carry a Party card eases the road to promotion; it is the key to a career. But the card inflicts bothersome obligations. Its holder must continuously attend meetings—frequent, long, tedious, as likely as not at night. They rob him of his scant leisure, leave him almost no private life.

Culturally, Poland presents a mixed scene, with a few bright flashes but with an expanse of bleakness. What there is is spread over a larger slice of the people than formerly, but it is spread very thin. Another member of the Central Committee, a man who himself deals with cultural affairs, said to me: "The deadening hand of ideology is to blame for mediocrity in Polish films, theatres, music, literature and painting. There's a struggle being waged between artists and careerists, and the careerists have been winning."

In Cracow I found seven theatres presenting respectively *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, a piece by Gorky, a Molière play, a Polish nineteenth-century comedy *The Big Fish*, a contemporary Polish comedy *Apartment No. 3*, a play called *The House of Cards* about the Poland of 1939 and (at the children's theatre) a modern comedy *Hunchback Horse*. I had a taste of "mediocrity" at a dress rehearsal of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Poetry Theatre. The cast was composed of 18- to 20-year-olds, half professionals, half amateurs. The stage was dominated by objects like huge, overgrown tailor's dummies with large white veils draped around them. These turned out to be trees. One tree was growing head first into the ground with its roots shooting towards the sky. Shakespeare would have been startled to see his heroine wearing a pony-tail hair-do. With one exception the artists belonged to the garment-tearing school of drama.

On the other hand, in Warsaw I saw a delightful performance by Poland's star dance troupe, the Mazowsze. I was the only outsider in an audience of 6,000 "élite workers" in a big sports hall, where boxing title bouts are fought. The ensemble consisted of 130 young peasant dancers and singers, half men, half women, the youngest 13 and the rest averaging perhaps 21. They had returned lately from a tour of Communist China. On this evening they performed mostly Polish folk dances, and they did them to perfection, a mass of blinding, vivacious colour and movement. Under the impact of their recent tour they sang four Chinese songs in Polish and offered several unfortunate Chinese dances. Their Tibetan dance showed an uncanny resemblance to the mazurka.

A visit I paid to a Communist fashion show was diverting. Tailors' Union No. 2 in Warsaw was the sponsor, and seventeen models were being exhibited. First was a summer frock of artificial silk, priced at 200 zloty. Then came a rayon creation, also 200 zloty. At this point the curtain parted and a young man strode out in a new suit with price tags flapping in the breeze. He looked thoroughly miserable, apparently having been ordered to perform this chore by the Union. The announcer gave the price of the suit as 1,200 zloty. I turned to Halina Dziedzic, the attractive young lady managing the show, and told her that the dresses being paraded here would cost a Warsaw working girl a week's wages, compared with an American girl worker's one day's pay. "It'll be cheaper here in 20 years," she retorted.

The oasis in the cultural desert is books. Never has such a flood of books streamed from Polish presses. Before the war one in twenty Poles read books; today it is one in five. Over 25 million volumes are being published yearly, and they sell at reasonable prices. Before the war a novel's edition would run to 2,000 copies; today it is 10,000 to 15,000—100,000 if it's a success, and even 300,000 for a best-seller. Polish classics are especially sought, among them the anti-Tsarist Henryk Sienkiewicz and the anti-German Jozef Kraszewski.

Television is almost unknown. Warsaw is the only Polish city with telecasts. There are some 300 TV sets in the capital, but they are all located in Government offices or clubs. Telecasts are haphazard, totalling a few hours a week. Next year, however, the intention is to start mass-producing TV sets.

Another aspect of cultural life in Poland that merits record is the change in the character of the student bodies in higher institutions. The president of Cracow University, Theodore Marchlewski, who was born in England, said to me that in pre-war years 10 per cent. of the students were sons or daughters of working-class families; today they account for 60 per cent. Before the war 10-15 per cent. of the students here were women; the percentage now is 40. In pre-war days 10 per cent. of students got scholarships; now these total 60 per cent. Other Universities and colleges which I visited gave me a similar picture. I was also told that the quality of the teaching is inadequate, and teachers' pay remains scandalously low. As for "doctrine," a famous Polish botanist informed me that he rejects Lysenko's theories; but, remembering the advantages of playing safe, he quickly added that he also rejects the teaching of Mendel!

Before leaving Poland, I looked into the situation of the new territories. The first and last lesson I learned is that there is growing assurance among Poles concerning their absorption of Silesia, East Prussia and Pomerania. The Polish regime has been packing the "recovered" territories with so many peasants, workers, military and air bases that nothing short of full-scale war could uproot Polish power there. At Katowice, I had a long talk with the Vice-president of the County Council, Jerzy Zientek. He gave an interesting answer when asked whether the Silesian people nowadays sense uncertainty about the future of that region, which millions of Germans want back in the Reich. "There was insecurity here in 1945-46," he said, "but now people see the State's large investments in reconstruction, industry, farming, schools, homes. That gives them assurance. They believe the Oder-Neisse frontier is lasting." The Deputy Speaker of Poland's Parliament, Stanislaw Kulczycki, told me that five million Poles have been settled in the new territories, besides a million who lived there under the Germans before the war and stayed on. Kulczycki said the population of the "recovered" provinces contains less than 1 per cent. of Germans today.

I asked Jozef Cyrankiewicz, now Premier, about the Polish attitude towards West German rearmament. "We are unalterably opposed," he replied. "That results from experience burnt into our flesh." He went on promptly to draw a distinction between West and East German rearmament. The latter, he insisted, presents no threat to Poland. "Poland and the German Democratic Republic in 1951 signed a treaty of friendship guaranteeing the Oder-Neisse frontier's integrity."

"Aren't treaties fragile?" I asked.

"Sometimes, yes. But not between Governments with a common will to end mutual hatred." Other high Polish officials told me: "There's an East German State that can no longer be marshalled behind the traditional push to the East. The East Germans will not repeat their 1914 and 1939 adventures."

In discussions with humbler citizens, I sensed less trust in the Pieck-Grotewohl regime. When Grotewohl travelled to Moscow in August, 1953, and was fêted in the Kremlin, there was a ripple of uneasiness among some Poles. There was even some private rejoicing, I was informed, at the June 17 uprising in East Germany and East Berlin. Said these Poles—probably not typical of the nation—"This must show Moscow how unreliable are its German satellites."

FREDERICK KUH

A Hundred Ovens

WE left the train at Adendron. This little town is not quite without trees, as its name implies, but is without almost everything else—a desolate, windswept corner of Macedonia, untouched by civilisation. Electra had forgotten to bring her identity card, and there were difficulties with the station police, who appeared to suspect that we were Reds and refused to believe that we were married, in spite of Electra's advanced pregnancy. Then came Gregoriades and rescued us. It was quite all right, he told them, we were from Salonica, he knew us, could vouch for us, we were here at his invitation to spend Easter in his village. So everything was all right, as always in Greece when you have someone to speak for you.

Gregoriades is the schoolteacher of Brachia. He marched us off at a brisk pace. If we cared to wait, he said, there would be a bus to take us to Brachia. How long should we have to wait? He wasn't sure. He thought until half-past seven. It was now a quarter to five; and we agreed to walk. It would be, we were told, a "pleasant stride." Once outside the station we were met by a storm of dust. As for road, there was none; we strode across bleak open country, while the wind filled our teeth, hair and clothes impartially with local earth. Gregoriades carried with him a heavy stick, some six feet long. "For the dogs," he said. "Once they get a man down, they tear him to pieces."

Conversation flagged a little after this, but I managed to ask Gregoriades a few questions. What was it like here in winter? "Before they dug these canals," he said, "you needed a boat to cross the fields." What was the population of Brachia? "A hundred ovens." I could make nothing of this. "Ah," he explained, "don't be misled. A hundred ovens would mean a big town in most places, but here every house has its oven." In the end he admitted under pressure that there were 600 people. Six to a house does not sound much—until you have seen the houses.

I asked if the population were poor. On the whole yes, but not poverty-stricken. Rice was a newly developed crop, which had prospered so well that Greece now actually had a surplus. Yields of cotton were good and, in quality, second only to the Egyptian. Other crops were barley and oats. Under the recent redistribution of land each peasant here had been allotted from 50 to 55 stremmata (1 stremma = 1,000 sq. metres) and no landowner was permitted to hold more than 200 stremmata. The trouble would come, Gregoriades told us, in the next generation, when a peasant with two or more sons would be forced to divide his land and we should see another big drift to the towns. There was no electricity in Brachia and, of course, no telephone, though the village boasted three portable wirelesses, one in the tavern, one in the general store and one in a private house. He was sceptical about the national grid—you could wait until the cows came home before they brought electricity to Brachia. The water supply was adequate. That is, there were wells here and there, and you could take as much water as you could manage to carry away. And there were, of course, a church, a priest and the usual scandals. There was no doctor. The nearest was in Adendron, half an hour's "pleasant stride" away.

We passed the evening—it was Easter Eve—drinking cognac and talking, while other guests arrived, until it was time to go to church for the *Anastasis*. In the Orthodox Church there is the practice of auctioning the cross, the highest bidder having the privilege of carrying it out of church as soon as Christ has risen. On this occasion it went for 250,000 drachmae. Last year, we were told, it fetched 350,000. On Easter Day lambs given by the richer peasants are also auctioned in the church. With the priest acting as auctioneer and intoning Greek equivalents for "going, going, gone," the service takes on a curiously surrealist colour, but the Orthodox conscience remains sublimely untroubled in the midst of so much sacred bargaining. Another curious practice—though one which is peculiar to Brachia and a few other churches—is the burning of Judas. They deal with him much as we deal with Guy Fawkes, the principal difference being that Judas is strung up between two trees suspended by his vitals over the fire.

In the *Anastasis* service, there were frivolous moments, as when the priest raved at the psalmodist for reading the wrong psalm and chased away small boys who were letting off fireworks behind the altar; but there were also moments when one felt ready to believe, because conscious of a closeness to the Christian Fathers—a closeness which only the Orthodox liturgy can evoke. All the playfulness of the church seemed to settle down and fall into place as the six hundred inhabitants of Brachia—each one holding a lighted candle—filed out of church with the greeting: Christ has risen, Christ has risen. Six hundred lighted candles outside the tiny church. Christ has risen. Judas burns. More candles, more fireworks. Christ has risen. Christ has risen.

On Easter Day we were entertained with great enthusiasm by various peasant families whose hospitality was incredible and genuine. Surprisingly, their admiration for the English and Churchill was unstinted. Once during the war, they proudly told us, they had sheltered an English soldier from the Germans. Many of the villagers are Vlachs; some are Bulgars and, during the war, declared themselves as such, by contrast with the Turks in these parts, who call themselves Greeks, with pride. I found remarkably little friction between the Greeks and these foreign elements. In Brachia there is peace: civilisation and Brachia, remote and untroubled, continue to co-exist.

J. E. DAWSON

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly.
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa: South £4 5s. East £4 5s. West £3 15s.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Australia, £6.

All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471.

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to: BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc. 30, East 60th Street, N.Y. 22, N.Y.
Surface $7.50 yearly. Air Express $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue: Inland 1½d.; Foreign 1½d.; Canada 1d.*

The Arts and Entertainment

SCULPTURAL VACUUM

THE 200 drawings and carvings in Barbara Hepworth's retrospective (1927–54) exhibition at Whitechapel have been well chosen. One can trace the whole course of her career as an artist from her early Negro-influenced figures through her geometric abstractions to her more recent works which do not derive from the human form but raise just the suspicion of a human presence. Also, the well-lit spacious gallery with its stone floor and high ceiling shows off the particular quality of Miss Hepworth's sculpture to its best advantage; her carvings there have the finality that, say, aeroplane parts might have in a hangar. Yet as I walked round I was reminded of how, when Miss Hepworth's two monumental figures called *Contrapuntal Forms* arrived at the South Bank for the Festival, the workmen who unloaded them spent a long time searching for an opening or a hinge because they believed that the real figures must be inside. I do not repeat this story now to encourage all those who automatically hate contemporary art for being contemporary: but because it seems to me to point to the basic emptiness of sculpture like Miss Hepworth's—there wasn't anything inside the contrapuntal forms. What are the causes of this emptiness: an emptiness which even all the good intentions, energy, sensibility, skill and single-mindedness that may lie behind such works cannot fill?

First, at the heart of Miss Hepworth's and many other contemporary artist's and critic's ideas there is a fundamental confusion about the relationship between form and content. (Here I should emphasise that content is not the same thing as subject matter: it is what the artist discovers *in* his subject.) It is its content that makes any work of art dynamic. It is the content that the artist distils from life and which, through its influence on the spectator as he comprehends it, flows back into life. The function of the form of a work is to concentrate, to hold the pressure of both the artist's and spectator's experience of the content.

Yet that is only half the problem. Many of Miss Hepworth's works are not strictly speaking abstract. They vaguely resemble figures or natural objects and so can be said to have content of a sort. Why do these seem as empty and dead as the others? In any period that lacks a faith which is so intrinsically part of the whole culture that its symbolism can be automatically applied by everybody to every event, the content of a work of art can only derive from definite, specific, particular experience. The artist may achieve some general truth, universality; but he cannot aim at such qualities directly. They will only be achieved by the most faithful insight into what it means to be a particular person in a particular situation. Every great work since the High Renaissance proves the truth of this. Yet Miss Hepworth says that she wants to discover "Some absolute essence in sculptural terms giving the quality of human relationships." The absolute essence of human relationships! Work with such a motive can get no nearer to interpreting a human heart or a human predicament than the Kinsey Report.

Mr. Baxandall in his introduction to the catalogue describes one of the works—roughly a sphere scooped out into a spiral—as follows:

> The total effect of this form on our feelings is, of course, inexplicable, although we are aware of a sense of enhanced vitality as we contemplate it. The sculptor herself has spoken of its connection with the experience of living between the enfolding arms of St. Ives bay, but one feels also that a sense of forces as diverse as those that shape the swing of sea waves and the curves of unfolding ferns has entered into the making of this extremely beautiful and expressive form.

This is as vague, generalised and in the end as woolly as Miss Hepworth's own statement. It could refer just as well to an aeroplane propeller.

Yet to go further: what is the cause of this evasion of real content, this retreat into an abstract world, or a world so generalised that all identity and therefore all conflict and therefore all vitality disappears? As an artist Miss Hepworth hasn't the conviction to face up to the real consequences of the crisis in which we live. Describing her childhood in Yorkshire, she says:

> It is a country of quite extraordinary natural beauty and grandeur: and the contrast of this natural order with the unnatural disorder of the towns, the slag heaps, the dirt and ugliness, made my respect and love for men and women all the greater. For the dignity and kindliness of colliers, mill hands, steel workers—all the people who made up that great industrial area gave me a lasting belief in the unity of man with nature—the nature of hills and dales beyond the towns.

She is intelligent and warm-hearted enough to see what is happening. But her solution—the unity of man with the Nature of hills and dales beyond the towns—evades the whole problem; the problem of how men can make their towns worthy of their "dignity and kindliness." This evasion then leads her to this sort of ambivalence:

> When drawing what I see I am usually most conscious of the underlying principle of abstract form in human beings and their relationship one to the other. In making my abstract drawings I am most often aware of those human values which dominate the human structure and meaning of abstract forms.

When she looks at the real she exorcises a sense of crisis by abstracting it: and when she creates abstractions she tries to make-up for this by imposing upon them a vague, "safe" human significance. Her attitude is made even more explicit in the following:

> The artist rebels against the world as he finds it because his sensibility reveals to him the vision of a world that could be possible—a world idealistic, but practical—idealistic: inclusive of all vitality and serenity, harmony and dynamic movement—a concept of a freedom of ideas which is all-inclusive except to that which causes death to ideas. In his rebellion he can take either of two courses—he can give way to despair and wildly try to overthrow all those things which seem to stand between the world as it appears to be and the world as it could be—or he can passionately affirm and reaffirm and demonstrate in his plastic medium his faith that this world of ideas does exist. He can demonstrate constructively, believing that the plastic embodiment of a free idea—a universal truth of spiritual power—can do more, say more and be more vividly potent, because it puts no pressure on anything.

She can only conceive of the desire to change the real world as one based on despair, and so inevitably chooses to deal in ideas which put *no pressure on anything*—which form a vacuum.

From all this come the weaknesses of Miss Hepworth's work considered æsthetically. It is because her energy has been spent on inventing a substitute "ideal" world that she has lacked the passion to investigate *actual* structure. Her straightforward drawings of nudes, when once one has allowed for their tricks of textures, are extraordinarily weak—notice in particular their feet, ankles and hands. It is the ambivalence of her attitude to reality that has led to the emotional split in her work. One moment her tenderness is excessive, the next it is defensively repressed. On the one hand, her drawings such as those of surgeons and nurses in the operating theatre are extremely sentimental—everything depends upon the mascara smudges of their eyes: and on the other hand, her sculpture is monumentally cold, impersonal, clinical. Finally and most important of all, her desire to contribute something perfect, something above the struggle, has lead her to such precision and sheerness of technique for its own sake that many of her carvings look machine made. As a result they deny their own nature as sculpture. Their surfaces are not forced round their corners but slip round with such facility that one's eye takes them for granted and has no compulsion to follow.

JOHN BERGER

'THE THINKER' by Rodin

Thoughts are free from toll

WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551-1623)

To think is not expensive. It needs no apparatus, no personnel, no premises. The only equipment is in one's head: the gears and pinions of the brain, and the lever that sets them turning.

Everyone can be a thinker. Not a great thinker, perhaps; but the creator, now and then, of a thought that has great consequences. And that is the measure of a thought's greatness: the ripples that it spreads.

At the back of every new industry is such a thought. Can 'it' be made some other way instead? Marketed or assembled more simply? Processed or refined by that method or in this place, instead of as before? A progressive industry is the translation of these thoughts into machinery, buildings and organisation.

But the climate in which such thoughts can first arise, and can be expressed in action, is one of free enquiry and research. Without this, invention gives way to maintenance.

A trained man can be a technician; it takes a free man to be a thinker.

ESSO *Esso Petroleum Company, Limited*

A NEW TALENT

With his new play, Mr. John Whiting confounds those of us who were too dense to recognise his talent in the famous Arts Theatre prize play *Saint's Day*. The talent in *Marching Song* is indubitable and impressive. Whether or not we find the play sufficiently satisfying as a whole, we cannot help being aware of an original mind working with considerable originality of means. The original is always disconcerting, and in all branches of art has to create its own audience, partly by familiarising people with its idiom, partly by clarifying its own manner of communication. This may be a long business, and Mr. Whiting is only at the start of it.

There are two particularly disconcerting elements in *Marching Song*. First, the dialogue, which is exciting and taut, is also elliptical. A character will often respond not to what is said but to what is implied, leaving the audience to jump the gap. This, of course, makes great demands on our concentration, at least before we have got the trick of it. Then, secondly, we are never absolutely certain on what plane the events developed are meant to be taken—or rather we have the uneasy feeling that a great deal more is going on that meets the eye or the ear. Of course this is true of any work of art of any complexity, but where the artist has been wholly successful the duality doesn't worry us; we accept the more obvious meaning and the overtones sing above and below it, deepening and opening out the theme. In *Marching Song* it is more as if we are looking through ill-adjusted binoculars and are seeing simultaneously two separate images neither of which is quite in focus. It may be that it is our sight that is weak, but it is the business of the artist to correct our vision.

The surface meaning of *Marching Song* anyhow offers no great difficulties. We are in the house of a rich woman, in the hills above a capital city. For nine years Catherine de Troyes has been waiting for the return of her lover, a brilliant young general who failed at a decisive battle of the war, and has been in prison since. Meanwhile she has comforted herself in the vacuum with a set of hangers-on, a priest, a doctor and an American expatriate, a failure of a film producer who is no longer capable of making films but whom she enables by her money supply to prolong the fantasy that one day he will. On the day the play opens he has brought back to the house a girl he has picked up in a bar, ostensibly to use her in his picture. She is a totally detached young person, a sort of "stray," clinging defiantly to her freedom and terrified of any involvement. Upstairs the general is sleeping on his first day of freedom, and Catherine comes down to dismiss her followers. She no longer needs them now *he* is back; the supply of money is to be cut off. But before they can go, there arrives from the city the Chancellor of the State, here to explain to the General why he has been suddenly released. The Opposition have demanded that he should be put on trial, and he, the Chancellor, is no longer able to resist the demand, although, more clear-headed than they, he sees that such a trial would be disastrous. The dirty linen of the State would be washed in public and all that he had done since the war to build up its reputation would be lost. So he brings with him in a charming chased silver box a solution for his dilemma—a quick and effective poison for the General to swallow. (The scene in which this present is handed over is quite admirably written.) The general is given 36 hours in which to dispose of himself, and then within the house and between the different kinds of people a drama of indecision is played out. The general after his years of imprisonment is no longer in love with Catherine. His disposition—for we are dealing with dispositions more than with people—is the opposite to hers. She, like her protegé the film producer, is a romantic, clinging to the past. He, realist and ruthlessly truthful, is, like the little stray urchin girl, a dealer only with the present. The mistake of his life—the mistake for which he paid with imprisonment—was to be trapped in a past moment, a moment from which he has not been able to break out since; it was an incident in the war which involved the murder of children, a sort of massacre of the innocents. His kinship now is with the untrapped girl, and this deflects him from the course the Chancellor persuaded him into, and—not to give away too much—the rest of the play is given to resolving the conflict on the basis of their different attitudes to freedom and personal dependence.

Mr. Whiting is not equally successful with all his people. The film producer and the Chancellor, both viewed only from the outside, are both highly successful and such excellent actors as Mr. Hartley Power and Mr. Ernest Thesiger are easily able to give them a vivid life. Of the other three the girl seems to me to come off best; here is a "truly modern" character, who has made herself hard and ruthless, with a terror of chains of any kind, which is only cover for a terror of love. Miss Penelope Munday with her strange low voice and her suspicious self-possession caught her exactly. Miss Diana Wynyard brought all her skill to the job of making Catherine interesting, and if she was not entirely successful it was not entirely her fault. Least successful as a character was the General with the atrophied powers of decision; he seemed to me to remain obstinately a conception rather than fully felt and realised. Mr. Robert Flemyng gave him a convincing mixture of hardness and self-condemnation; but his tricks of delivery make inevitably for a certain monotony. Indeed there seemed to me in the writing to be much more variety than the actors found there; and this is my one quarrel with the very intelligent and sensitive production by Mr. Frith Banbury. Granted the difficulty of the play, I wonder whether it wouldn't have paid to make the whole thing much less intense and intoned, to play the excellent plot for its full narrative value and let the other levels look after themselves.

Not that, in any case, *Marching Song* could expect to be anything more than the *succès d'estime* which it already is. Mr. Whiting is uncompromising; the play is too long and it is singularly charmless, and in the theatre charm, that indefinable, is a necesary dilution. Tennent Productions are to be warmly congratulated on giving this play its full chance; but I rather wish that they had been able to come to some sort of arrangement with the Arts Theatre or even the Old Vic; those are the kind of audiences which would give it the welcome it deserves. As it is I hope they will quickly find their way to the St. Martin's Theatre.

T. C. Worsley

LITTLE ITALY

In prospect, nothing could have been more welcome than the brief season of opera buffa now in progress at Sadler's Wells. The repertoire is largely unhackneyed; and imagination pictured a group of young Roman singers, as individuals a little unfinished perhaps, but compensating for any vocal deficiencies by enthusiasm, musicianship, fine ensemble and clever production.

Alas for our dreams! With one exception, the singers are content to ape the vices of their more famous contemporaries, while the first two productions have been both musically and dramatically the merest slapdash. Even to ears long calloused by the treatment habitually accorded to Rossini's *Barber*, last Friday's experience came as something new. Let us be fair to our visitors and concede that some of the more excruciating sounds were provided by a scratch British orchestra for which they cannot be held responsible. Let us make due allowance for first night nerves and grant that on another occasion the Almaviva may sing "Ecco ridente" in tune, and the Rosina contrive to get through the opening measures of "Una voce" without parting company altogether with the accompaniment. There remain a deplorably heavy treatment of the recitative, a chorus whose entries are so haphazard and irregular that they are hard to explain except on the theory that some of the singers cannot count up to four, and a style of production which differs in no essential from the improvisations of house party charades.

Increasingly discouraged, I stuck out this much applauded *Barber* until Dr. Bartolo's aria, which was in itself not too badly sung, but during which the Rosina indulged to the full her firm conviction that nothing can be funnier than to trip ceaselessly around the stage with steps just two inches long. Hereupon, taking considerably longer steps, I fled the theatre, vowing that not even the prospect of two uncommon Donizetti operas, *Betly* and *Il campanello dello speziale*, would draw me back on the following night.

But when the time came curiosity triumphed, and was (if mildly) rewarded. The company, which had opened with this double bill, was by now perhaps getting into its stride. The chorus was still in a muddle, but the orchestra had improved. What really turned the scale was the appearance of a genuine artist in Angelica Tuccari. Her strong, clean soprano deals easily with florid music; her enunciation is lively and exact; her timing, both musical and dramatic, is good; and she possesses a vivid sense of fun. So long as Signora Tuccari was on the stage, *Betly* (a Swiss one-acter with a plot very like that of *L'elisir d'amore*) proved delightful; the little piece has its full share of Donizetti's lyrical invention and of those pleasant harmonic twists with which he diversifies his suave melodies.

The programme stupidly provided a synopsis of *Betly* which was too brief to allow the audience to follow the action in any detail. *Il campanello*, on the other hand, has a farcical plot which no one could fail to grasp. An elderly apothecary has married a young bride, whose rejected lover ruins the nuptial night by continually ringing the night-bell and demanding medicinal treatment in a succession of ludicrous disguises. There is sweeter music in the piece than appeared in this rough and ready performance; but it was a good idea to transpose the period to that of the rather similar *Italian Straw Hat*, and the company's unrestrained fooling did at least convey with some measure of success the mounting horror of the apothecary's night. To collectors of rare opera I cautiously recommend this double bill, adding with even greater caution that Signora Tuccari is billed as heroine of both *Don Pasquale* and *L'elisir* but is unfortunately absent from the casts of the two Rossini operas (*La cambiale di matrimonio* and *La scala di seta*) which are down for revival on April 23rd.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

LOOK AND LISTEN

Now that the clocks have been put on and the spring is going on all round us with considerable energy and summer promises, we carefully draw the curtains across the windows on Sunday afternoons to shut out the sun, the better to watch the Television Service showing us the spring going on somewhere else. Satisfactory though this is, it must be admitted that the first number of the new Sunday afternoon programme, jokingly called *Out of Doors*, was disappointing. We were taken to Gloucester to see a circus procession march through the streets, and there were the streets of Gloucester filled with people so ignorant of the electronic revolution through which we are living as to be in the open air cheering the elephants as they passed. It was so unnecessary: they could have all been at home watching the elephants on the screen, knowing that the few people out of doors decorously clapping were supers hired by the B.B.C. from the agencies in the Charing Cross Road. "Living? Our servants can do that for us." The Symbolist poet's ivory tower is now every man's for the price of the deposit and the first instalment.

All the same, it may be questioned whether programmes like *Out of Doors* represent the best use that can be made of TV's extended hours. The trouble is, of course, that the hours have not been extended nearly long enough; which is another way of saying that B.B.C. Television is hamstrung

by lack of money. Television in this country will not be able to do its job with anything like adequacy until there is an alternative programme, and, the service of the Independent Television Authority being at present a completely unknown quantity, this means an alternative B.B.C. programme. We can get some idea of the difficulties facing British television if we imagine what sound broadcasting would be like if its activities were confined to a space of five hours a day. In the circumstances, it seems to me, planners are bound, except at comparatively rare moments, to take the easy way out. *Out of Doors*, in my view, is an instance of the easiest way out, one that would be perfectly acceptable if TV had more or less unlimited time at its disposal, just as three, four, or is it five, parlour games would be perfectly acceptable then. As it is, such programmes are admissions if not of defeat at any rate of frustration.

At present, no one, except on rare occasions, can really be satisfied with British TV programmes at any level of intention. The point is, there is not one public, but many; to talk about "what the public wants" is nonsense. Sound broadcasting is successful in catering for a considerable number of publics, both through its regional programmes and through the three tiers of Home, Light and Third. In theory, there may be objections to the three tiers. Yet they do recognise an actual situation, that it is as cruel, for instance, to expect the devotee of Mr. Sandy Macpherson to endure Telemann as the lovers of Telemann to put up with Mr. Macpherson. And even within the scope of a single service, the Home, a very fair number of different publics can have their interests represented.

This is possible because sound broadcasting has plenty of time at its disposal. TV's lack of time almost inevitably compels it to concentrate, not on the best popular entertainment, but on the entertainment which the greatest number of listeners will put up with, which is very different. The exceptions are obvious enough, but when the documentaries and discussion programmes are excluded the generalisation seems sound. Not, I believe, that the people who run our television are unaware of the existence of the many different and conflicting publics: they simply don't know what to do about them. This comes out plainly in the treatment of serious music and the arts, of what, extending Mr. Eliot's use of the term, we might call "superior amusements." TV in fact treats the arts with great respect; it will always, in programmes like *Panorama*, tip its hat to them hastily—for two minutes. But it doesn't seem capable at present of dealing with them except in a half-hearted "missionary" spirit. One doesn't want to deprecate missionary attempts to broaden the publics for the arts; one can complain of the half-heartedness and the gingerliness of the approach. There is a programme on some aspect of art; it is preceded by a frown on the announcer's pretty face and, in tones of reverent puzzlement, "A lot of us find modern art very difficult"—or something like that. Or we are hastily jollied through an exhibition of paintings by the enthusiastic cussing of the President of the Royal Academy.

What there practically never is is the initial assumption that someone may be watching and listening who is seriously and knowledgeably interested, interested in the way that viewers of *Science in the Making* and Mr. Orr-Ewing's recent excellent series *Putting Ideas to Work* are obviously assumed to be. Even Mr. John Read's fascinating film *Graham Sutherland*, one of the best things the Television Film Unit has done, is lacking here. It may persuade those who have never looked once at a Sutherland painting to look twice in future, and that is admirable; but for those who know the artist's work and are acquainted at all with modern painting, it seems to me the film raises more problems than it solves. Its value is as a starting-point for discussion and argument: it is put on as an end in itself.

Similarly with TV's treatment of music. Whether there is a case for televising concerts at all I am not sure; but I am sure that twenty minutes of the Hirsch String Quartet, playing, to quote *Radio Times* billing, Serenade by Haydn, Scherzo by Debussy and Nocturne by Borodin, is of almost no value to anyone. It is in fact not much better than time wasted. Time is the heart of the matter. If TV is to get anywhere there must be time for experiment, time for mistakes, time to cultivate a range of differing audiences. At present there isn't time, and the Television Service plays for safety with cosy little soap operas like *Friends and Neighbours* and *The Grove Family*. God knows they are innocuous enough, with their poor little jokes and lower middle class women's magazine atmosphere, and one doesn't begrudge anyone the pleasure they derive from them. But in the present amount of time allotted to British television they obtrude out of all proportion.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Companions of the Night," at the Marble Arch Pavilion
"Casanova's Big Night," at the Plaza
"King of the Khyber Rifles," at the Carlton

Companions of the Night is advertised as having for its topic "the most daring subject ever filmed." The subject is prostitution, and films have been daring about it every other week for fifty years, but the Marble Arch Pavilion has a corner for itself in sensationalism. Recent weeks there have been devoted to the love life of Hitler, before that I seem to remember Silvana Mangano torn between night clubs and nunneries, and also—but surely not?—a high-class prostitute, confronted by her husband, and shooting herself upon the most silkily professional of beds. Even Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles*—terrible in its English version—acquired here a reputation for scandalous intimacy that was at least proof of how advertising could triumph over sense.

In these circumstances *Companions of the Night*, duly certified X, turns out surprisingly well. It shows up the vice racket, in line with those American films which have exposed rackets in boxing, betting, politics and liquor, no match for the best of them, but far above the worst. Its Paris café concealing a brothel whose inmates bring a handsome profit to their brutal whore-master, has a certain plausibility. Jo (Raymond Pellegrin) wields charm enough to make the kind of women he wants to fall in love with him, and once trapped they're too afraid, apparently, to escape. Two murders and a third murder attempted give the film its kick-off: far too long, by the way, before the titles arrive. Then we have the long, cruel story of a young prostitute (Françoise Arnoul), just come out from a reformatory with her child and knowing no other life. She's too shabby for the bright lights of Bordeaux, too young and fly for the quays; gets a lift from a lorry-driver by spinning a yarn, and in Paris meets Jo. The honest lorry-driver wins her over to love, and with only a slight case of murder in the way she is set for redemption. *Companions of the Night* isn't perhaps quite as realistic as it has the air of being; still it has that air, it does bring flashes of light on the shady management in this line of business, and ugly facts as well as sentimental escapes appear. On the whole, considering the temptations, this film does not badly to avoid sensationalism and to disgust only when it means to. It is not, though, a particularly distinguished piece of film-making.

Bob Hope is more himself in *Casanova's Big Night* than he has been for a long time, and I wish I could say I found these adventures of Casanova's tailor as riotous as they are meant to be. He has some good jokes, he sings one or two ditties with mild abandon, and at the end really lets go with spectacles and female impersonation and a sword ballet in which everyone except himself gets killed. He's been wisecracking so long I suppose we should be surprised and grateful that he can make us laugh at all.

The Virtuosi di Roma

ON BRUNSWICK L.P. RECORDS

MARCELLO
Aria in A minor for Strings *and*
CIRRI
Concerto in A major for Violoncello, Flute and Strings
BENEDETTO MAZZACURATI ('Cello) ARRIGO TASSINARI (Flute);
ALBINONI
Concerto in D major for Violin and Strings, Op. 9 No. 7
ARRIGO PELLICCIA (Violin) *and*
PERGOLESI
Concerto No. 5 in E flat major for Four Violins, Viola, Violoncello and Continuo
THE VIRTUOSI DI ROMA conducted by RENATO FASANO
AXTL 1023

ROSSINI
Sonata in C major for Violin, Violoncello and Double Bass *and*
ALESSANDRO MARCELLO
Concerto in C minor for Oboe and Strings;
CAMBINI
Concerto in G major for Piano and Strings *and*
BONPORTI
Recitative for Violin and Strings
RENATO ZANFINI (Oboe) ORNELLA PULITI SANTOLIQUIDO (Piano) GUIDO MOZZATO (Violin)
THE VIRTUOSI DI ROMA conducted by RENATO FASANO
AXTL 1042

For details of all records made by the Virtuosi di Roma and of over 1,500 other long playing and medium play records available on Brunswick, Decca and other associated labels, please ask your dealer or write to us for the Decca-group 33⅓ r.p.m. catalogues.

Brunswick

long playing 33⅓ r.p.m. records

BRUNSWICK LTD., branch of THE DECCA RECORD CO. LTD., 1-3 BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

No particular use of the CinemaScope screen is made in *King of the Khyber Rifles* until near the end when loyal Mohammedans leap from rocks into the camp where rebellious Sepoys rest. They have escaped the possibility of using cartridges greased with pig's fat by throwing away their rifles and going back to knives. Mr. Guy Rolfe plays the part of a very tall rebellious Kahn with a walnut complexion, and Mr. Tyrone Power is a loyal half-caste captain who quells rebellion and wins the general's daughter. All, I suppose, as it should be; and we read that CinemaScope is setting out further to capture us by guaranteeing a profit to all cinemas fitting themselves with stereophonic sound. Couldn't they guarantee at the same time films a little more exciting than this one?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Hippo Dancing," at the Lyric Theatre

Mr. Robert Morley is one of our great clowns: and we ask little more from him than that he should exhibit his gigantic personality as prominently as possible. He is generous enough, you may be sure, in doing this in his new play and gives us as well the little more—the sketch of a real live character in action. He is the raging, spouting egotist of a father with his head so deep in the sand of his own self-righteousness that he can't see why his family are not content with that; and he is horrified to find that all the time the volcano of this temperament has been noisily erupting, they have quietly gone their own ways, and very odd ways too. The outlines of a brilliant Roussin play are clearly visible beneath the surface of Mr. Morley's piece; but too few pains have been taken with the transference, and the result is neither French nor English, but as it were an after-dinner show dreaming of both. If the adaptation had been as successfully achieved as it was in *The Little Hut*, we might have had perfection. As it is, we have Mr. Morley in outrageously splendid form, and that is enough for most people.

T. C. W.

A work of "radiant warmth"

"The life and music of Béla Bartók"
— *Halsey Stevens*

YEHUDI MENUHIN
and the Philharmonia Orchestra
conducted by
WILHELM FURTWÄNGLER
give a magnificent performance of the
Béla Bartók
Violin Concerto
ALP 1121

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
Long Play 33⅓ R.P.M. RECORDS
THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED · (RECORD DIVISION)
8-11 GREAT CASTLE STREET · LONDON · W.1

Correspondence

THE ARCHBISHOP AND FRAU DOENITZ

SIR,—I feel that the Archbishop of Canterbury's reply to your article "Charity Begins at Spandau" calls for further explanation from me.

Following your challenge to prove allegations in my book on the seven men of Spandau, I produced a number of documents which you agreed confirmed the charges I made of diplomatic intrigue aimed at securing the early release of these war criminals. Among these documents was the letter from the Archbishop to Frau Doenitz, whose husband is serving a sentence in Spandau. I have conclusive evidence that this letter, though unquestionably written with humanitarian consideration, has been used to support the sympathy campaign concentrated on securing stage-by-stage easing of Spandau conditions with the ultimate object of easing one or more of the seven inmates out of prison altogether.

The Archbishop, I feel, should know how his letter came into my possession. It was given to me quite voluntarily by Frau Doenitz during a series of interviews at her home, as proof that "the Church agreed that her husband and the other Spandau prisoners were victims of injustice and that the Allied prison with its medieval conditions, would not exist at all but for the terror of the Russians."

Similar letters of sympathy obtained by the wives of the prisoners from other Church dignitaries, and from forgiving Allied statesmen, are also being used to support the political pressure on behalf of the Spandau prisoners.

I am certain that the Archbishop never intended his letter to be used for political manoeuvring.

In his reply, the Archbishop also referred to the actual text of Frau Doenitz's letter to him. I have a copy of her letter too. It is of course true that Frau Doenitz complains of "medieval conditions" in the prison. While agreeing that certain regulations, such as the one requiring the flashing of lights in the cells throughout the night as an anti-suicide check, warrant modification on humanitarian grounds, the only truly medieval aspects of Spandau prison, of which I have a detailed knowledge, are cells with iron hooks upon which prisoners were strung up to die of strangulation. But these hooks were in use in the years when the prison was a collecting centre for concentration camp victims, and the seven men, who are now its only occupants, were the masters.

JACK FISHMAN

ITALY AND E.D.C.

SIR,—Signor Pietro Nenni enjoys the well-deserved reputation of being a very able man. This is confirmed by his article, "Italy and E.D.C.," in your issue of March 13. It lacks all the fiery tones to which we are accustomed in his Sunday pieces in *Avanti!* and even more in his speeches on the main squares of Italian cities. Signor Nenni for London consumption is a very different man from Signor Nenni for the Italian market. He affirms that his Socialist Party was ready to grant support to any Centre-Left Government in Italy, almost without conditions: just the very small matter of E.D.C., and then everything would be all right.

We know the song. It has been sung for many months, in fact since the electoral campaign, based on the slogan of the "Socialist alternative." After the elections, last June, we of the Social Democratic Party gave Signor Nenni eight months' time to begin to implement what he meant by "Socialist alternative." It should of course have been something at least slightly different from the well-known "Communist alternative" of Signor Togliatti. We waited for a long time while the country was gradually heading towards a new kind of "Salazarism," and Signor Nenni was very mild in his opposition to the Centre-Right Government presided over by Signor Pella. He consistently refused to accept any deviation from the Communist platform in the negotiations which preceded the formation of the short-lived Fanfani Government. He said in the Chamber of Deputies that he was sorry to have to vote against it, but he did in fact vote with Signor Togliatti. So did we; but we added that we were voting against that Government in order to be in a position to vote for the next Government, should the Christian-Democratic party definitely make its choice—with the democratic Left or with the monarchist Right.

This choice the Christian-Democratic party did make. We agreed therefore to form a coalition Government headed by Signor Scelba. I think it beyond dispute that no democratic Government further to the Left is possible under present circumstances. Signor Nenni made his choice too—with the Communists against Italian and international democracy. Never has he been more vocal than now, against the Scelba-Saragat coalition, which of course is also bitterly opposed by the Monarchists, not to speak of the neo-Fascists of the M.S.I.

In your columns Signor Nenni says that his refusal to co-operate is due to the problem of E.D.C.—and not so much the policy embodied in E.D.C. as the timing of Italian ratification. In fact, his constant requests, during the last few months, were for a Government which in domestic matters should be acceptable also to the Communists (and everybody knows what that means), and which in foreign affairs should base its programme on the much talked of *détente*. And here, too, everybody knows what that means.

In his article Signor Nenni says that he agrees "with those powerful elements in the British Labour Party and in the German, French and Belgian Socialist Parties which regard E.D.C. as a factor which will not unify Germany and Europe, but will keep them divided." It is, however, strange that not a single responsible member of the Nenni Party *does* agree with the other, at least equally powerful, elements of the Socialist parties of the International who consider E.D.C. a necessary step towards the unity of Europe and the creation of a supra-national community. I suggest that this fact may justify those who do not believe that the "Socialist alternative" of Signor Nenni is more than an electoral stunt, and a deliberate attempt to curb Italian democracy to the will and power of the Communist party. E.D.C. is nothing but an episode in a fight of much bigger magnitude: the old fight of democracy against totalitarianism.

Rome. PAOLO TREVES

"ANTI-AMERICANISM"

SIR,—Mr. Kingsley Martin contends that liberals have not yet been able to dissociate themselves from Communism without giving up the defence of the civil liberties of Communists—a view based on a small proportion of the evidence and reflecting an oversimplified conception of the system of liberties which we call the civil liberties. In what respects have the rights of Communists been infringed? First, in cities like New York, their right to organise for purposes of political demonstration—while not, it must be emphasised, completely abolished—has been severely curtailed through various legalistic devices. Such official decisions have been vigorously opposed by trade union groups and by organisations like the Americans for Democratic Action. Second, laws have been passed in order to prevent Communists from teaching in our schools. In some cases individual teachers have been discharged on grounds of Communist affiliation. While the circumstances vary from case to case, and no unanimity of judgment is obtained in any specific situation, to contend that liberals have played no role in attacking such moves is false. New York State's Feinberg Act, establishing a loyalty test for teaching in our grammar schools, was vigorously opposed by the A.D.A., the American Civil Liberties Union (A.C.L.U.), and other liberal organisations. In certain cases removal of Communist teachers has been actively opposed by liberal groups. A notable instance is the case of Professor Phillips, formerly of the University of Washington, who used to announce his Communist affiliation in every class. There are many liberals who undoubtedly believe that membership, avowed or not, in the Communist party is sufficient grounds for dismissal—but this is by no means the universal opinion. Third, the rights of Communists to be questioned according to rules of fair procedure in judicial and quasi-judicial hearings has often been infringed. But this is true in

many cases. Surely, Mr. Martin does not want to claim that this practice has not been fought tooth and nail by liberal groups. Fourth, Communist leaders have been tried and convicted under the Smith Act. The A.C.L.U. and the A.D.A. have voiced opposition to the Act and believe it to be unconstitutional along with a minority, unfortunately, of the Supreme Court. The A.C.L.U. did submit a brief on behalf of the Communists when the case testing the Act was brought before the Supreme Court. Once again, there is no unanimity among liberals, nor is their record such as to exempt them from justified criticism, but a blanket indictment of liberals is unfair and contrary to the facts.

Mr. Martin's mistake is, however, deeper than simple misstatement or neglect of facts. He seems to think that the only way to fight these infringements is by active participation in the defence of individual Communists. But this seems to us to be a question of strategy, not principle. Liberal organisations do not necessarily have to embroil themselves in individual cases in order to carry on an effective fight against violation of Communist rights. For example, the A.C.L.U., convinced that the Communist leaders had been properly indicted under the Smith Act, but convinced also that the Act was unconstitutional, chose to limit their participation in the case to the latter issue rather than provide legal counsel in the lower courts. It is important for liberals, on either side of the Atlantic, to remember that it is *everyone's* rights which are being threatened—and that the strategy governing the fight against these anti-democratic forces should be determined by this consideration as well as others. Moreover Communists should be defended when principles of liberalism are correctly applicable in their case. Much of the present confusion is due to uncertainty about the proper range of application of these principles. But it is nonsense to suppose that the issue has been resolved, or that no liberal or liberal organisation will stand up in defence of the rights of individual Communists. ARNOLD and ELIZABETH KAUFMAN

21 Priory Ave.,
London, W.4.

HIDDEN CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. L. Snow, tells us that he was informed by the St. Marylebone Library that our forthcoming publication *Women of the Streets*, edited by C. H. Rolfe, will not be admitted to their stock.

It may interest you to know that this book is at present with the printers and has not yet reached page-proof stage. The St. Marylebone Public Library can have had no opportunity therefore of judging its merits. Had they had such opportunity they would have discovered that it is a serious sociological survey of the problem of the prostitute in London, produced under the auspices of the British Social Biology Council. In the circumstances, to condemn it unread is gratuitously insulting to the book's editor, its sponsors, and to its publishers.

Martin Secker & Warburg, Ltd., DAVID FARRER
7 John Street, W.C.1.

ACCOMPLICES

SIR,—It is an interesting reflection arising out of your comments on the evidence of accomplices in criminal cases as to what powers the Director of Public Prosecutions has to undertake that any given person will not be prosecuted for an offence. As is well known, a witness must be cautioned that he is not bound to answer any question tending to expose him to a criminal charge. In the Montagu case this caution was not given because the D.P.P. gave an undertaking not to prosecute the airmen concerned, and there was a similar undertaking by the Air Ministry to preclude any subsequent court martial.

It is a well-known principle of our legal system that any private person can prefer an indictment or lay any information in respect of any criminal offence whether it affects that person or not, and consequently the two airmen concerned are not immune from prosecution by reason of the said undertakings, and I see no reason why the caution should not have been administered.

It is provided by the Prosecution of Offences Act 1908 that nothing shall preclude any person from instituting or carrying on any criminal proceedings but the D.P.P. may undertake at any stage the conduct of those proceedings if he thinks fit. One cannot take this to mean that the D.P.P. can undertake the conduct of proceedings and then immediately stop them or offer no evidence, because the purpose of the section is that the D.P.P. should be permitted to conduct the proceedings in order to institute them or carry them on and not to liquidate them, and no doubt a Writ of Mandamus would lie to compel him to exercise his right in accordance with the Act.

It may be that if the caution had been administered the course of the proceedings might have changed, but in any event this criticism can be added to those made in your article upon the subject.

LEONARD KASLER

THE ARTIST AND SOCIETY

SIR,—Mr. Berger asks, and enjoins us to take the question seriously, whether the faults and limitations he detects in the work of John Nash and Peter Lanyon do not derive from the failure of our culture to invest nature with a definite meaning and "our lack of any integrated attitude to Nature." It is not difficult to see where this line of argument is going to lead. Faced with the lack of a cultural directive, which has obtained in Europe since the end of the Renaissance, and which is something which certainly cannot be pulled out of a hat, the next best thing might be a political directive, which can. I have no wish to interpret Mr. Berger unfairly, much of whose criticism seems to me sensitive and profound, but it is difficult not to feel this attitude of mind underlying much of what he writes.

Few people would deny that the arts were healthier and happier in societies bound by strong cultural beliefs: it might even be argued that only at such times are the highest achievements possible. But that state of affairs has ceased to exist for us for some time and no amount of wishful thinking or political fiddling will restore it.

Responsibility (a) for finding something positive or *direct* to say, and (b) the means of communicating it, lies today with the artist, for better or worse. It is difficult, but there seems no reason for supposing it impossible. Whether in historical perspectives it will matter very much is not our concern. An artist cannot choose or manufacture the cultural environment he would like to live or work in. The environment was not fundamentally different for Cézanne and Pisarro than for Lanyon and Nash. I do not mean that the problems of painting were the same, but that then, as now, the task was to express a personal attitude to Nature. The qualifying factor is not the attitude of society but the artist's personal stature. There was no more "integrated attitude to Nature" then than there is now. And in the present context what, for example, would Mr. Berger say of the early landscape work of Graham Sutherland? Does that not express both an imaginative and *direct* attitude to Nature? KEITH VAUGHAN

WASHROOMS AND DEMOCRACY

SIR,—Both as the husband of a partner, and as a Socialist, may I comment on Mr. Wilfred Fienburgh's article on the John Lewis Partnership?

Mr. Fienburgh finds that the Partnership is not a democracy. He gives two reasons for this opinion, saying:

> I do not base this solely upon the existence of notices outside urinals and washrooms which designate them *For Senior Partners Only*. I base it upon the impossibility of organised opposition.

I believe these two statements to be based on errors, the first of fact, the second of opinion.

"Senior Partners" are all those in the Partnership over the age of 18. The Partnership thinks, and quite rightly, that "Junior Partners" (i.e., those under 18) prefer restrooms, etc., of their own. I cannot believe that Mr. Fienburgh really regards this distinction as a sound basis for a charge of being undemocratic.

The second error is more dangerous, and betrays a deep misunderstanding of democracy. An organisation to Mr. Fienburgh is apparently undemocratic if it has no organised opposition. This would class as undemocratic a multitude of organisations from the village cricket club through trade unions up to the Society of Friends, perhaps the highest form of democracy that there is. The Quakers discuss a matter until they arrive at "the sense of the meeting"; they manage to do this without any use of an "organised opposition." Tut! Tut! How very undemocratic of them!

As a Socialist, I am deeply disappointed in the organisation and structure of the nationalised industries; I had hoped that they would be socialised, not nationalised. As the husband of a "partner," I am convinced that the John Lewis Partnership has taken some very important steps along the road towards economic democracy. As a reader of your journal I believe that the real article on the Partnership has yet to be written.

The Vicarage, GUY DANIEL
Colnbrook, Bucks.

LITERARY TRAVEL

SIR,—May I make a comment on the last paragraph of Jacquetta Hawke's courteously needling review of my book, *Temples of the Sun and Moon*? She "reaches the conclusion" that the best travel books are the afterthoughts of journeys made for entirely non-literary reasons. This is a highly disputable conclusion. No one denies the value of such books, but the value is not always literary. Doughty had *Arabia Deserta* in mind throughout his travels, and books were clearly the inspiration of the travels of Gertrude Bell, Borrow, Sterne, Burton, Stevenson, James, Bourget and, today, Miss Freya Stark—though all are united in conceiving travel as an essential part of the *chasse au bonheur*. On this point Jacquetta Hawkes doesn't seem to have imposed her well-known critical severity upon herself.

32 Shepherd Market, W.1. MICHAEL SWAN

The BOOKCASE

***makes* the Room**

To turn *house* into *home*, get a bookcase. For twenty years we have made nothing else. Whether it's a sectional system or a single bookcase, something simple for a young person's room or a home for several hundred volumes in the lounge, you will find 18 packed pages of ideas in the Phoenix catalogue. Prices are low and mostly tax-free. Worth sending off the coupon, surely?

PHOENIX

TO..... **POST AT ONCE!**

The PHOENIX GALLERY (Dept. 2)
38 William IV Street, London, W.C.2

Without obligation please send me your catalogue

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Proprietors : Phoenix House Ltd. 1½d. stamp if unsealed.

Books in General

An age of consolidation—we were told in a correspondence in this paper some months ago—is to be expected in our literature. No more experiments, no more adventure; a society spending a large part of its energy in administration should express itself in a literature untroubling to administrators. That might, be, of course, a very sceptical, cynical and despairing literature; it might also be plain and complacent; it might be ingenious, smooth, useful and grounded in the conceit of worth, not prophetic or didactic in the larger sense, but tinted with moral advice, domestic, anti-romantic in tone. It could be urban, communal and politic. It could be Chinese. Possibly there is a parallel in the period of Addison: after the social revolution, the prosaic organisation of its fruits; the reform of manners after the reform of society; the attack on the "vice and irreligion" of its gifted but raffish predecessors by the new respectables. Behind Addison is the kind of doctrinal blandness one meets in bishops; the certainty of those who treat the faith as a matter of administration, who arrange its relationship with this world, who find everything fits very happily together. Behind Addison is a class confidence in its own enlightenment.

It is a surprise to find that until Mr. Smithers's scholarly book* there has been no full life of Addison. He is one of those writers whose circumspection annuls their own story; he had no life, but merely a career, a character subdued by his great abilities. He remains static in an impenetrable trance of self-improvement, self-discipline and reform, considering his moral behaviour so thoroughly that he has nothing to behave about, the perfect implement for others to use. The son of a clerical family who were rising by hard work and talent, Addison shrewdly saw in his impetuous father the dangers that can ruin a man determined to climb in the world. Addison's father was one to speak out of turn. Not so the son. He made mistakes, as long-headed men do, but, as a young man, he made a just estimate of the people useful to know. His rise from one high political office to another and to great eminence as a brilliant public servant, is pretty consistent. His late marriage into the aristocracy was his private crown, and, characteristically, no one could discover whether it was a happy or unhappy marriage. It sounds *ni beau ni laid ni bon ni mauvais*. Everyone found him brilliant and charming. The only criticism made of his private character is that he drank too much when he became famous. The only afflictions: asthma and the inevitable gout. The asthma is interesting: does that stand for the missing relationship with his careless father? Is his father's recklessness at the root of the son's desire for a normality, embellished and rewarded, which is almost a creed in Addison and Trollope alike? Addison is an instance of how a man may find his soul once he has gained the whole world.

The "world" was the political world, his intention in life was to serve the state. Literature was to be the ornament not the impulse of a career, and even then, the object of literature was, in a sense, to serve the state, by inculcating the graces of self-reformation. And so Mr. Smithers has gone into Addison's political career and his relations with his patrons and contemporaries in a detail which will be valuable to students of the 18th century. We have a picture of a unique writer: one who dominates by a disarming mixture of political and literary power, the supreme writer-administrator in person. The reticence of Addison, his shyness and his reserve, remove intimacy from the picture; yet all of his contemporaries have recorded that, when the reserves were gone, his conversation was radiant, his charm mollifying, and his intellect wonderfully well stocked. Good writers are often bad company: Addison's was excellent. In a quarrelsome profession, he revealed that a peaceable nature can be as incisive as the belligerent, that moderation need not be dull. Yet more volatile and more tortured temperaments saw another side to this unfair parade of the advantages of virtue. The admired administrator had become "the great Turk" of literature. The famous lines of Pope find a proper place in the shadows of Mr. Smithers's portrait:

> Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
> And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
> Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
> Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
> Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
> A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
> Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged
> And so obliging that he ne'er obliged.

Mr. Smithers agrees that the diagnosis is accurate if we regard it very much as we would regard a medical report which describes the illnesses rather than the resources of a character or constitution. He goes further and says that Addison, with his habit of introspection and moral self-discipline, would have agreed with the diagnosis. What Addison would have added was that he had the upper hand of these faults. And that is, of course, what is so hard to bear about very moral men: it is the bishop in them, the absence of any suspicion at all that one's character is one's tragedy. But against the malice of this profile, we must put Steele's which indicates the qualities of the defects that Pope's jealousy had seized on. Steele said:

> He is perfect master of himself in all circumstances. He has all the spirit that a man can have and yet is as regular in his behaviour as a mere machine. He is sensible of every passion, but ruffled by none. In conversation he frequently seems to be less knowing to be more obliging, and chooses to be on a level with others rather than oppress with the superiority of his genius. In friendship he is kind without profession. In business, expeditious without ostentation. With the greatest softness and benevolence imaginable, he is impartial in spite of all opportunity, even that of his own good nature. He is ever clear in his judgment; but in compliance with his company speaks with doubt, and never shows confidence in argument, but to support the sense of another. Were such an equality of mind the general endeavour of all men, how sweet would be the pleasure of conversation.

Clearly the temperament of an essayist, even of a charmer, but not of a poet. We understand exactly the man who said, with unbearable triteness, that Humour was born of Wit and Mirth and derived via Good Sense from Truth; whereas False Humour came out of Frenzy and Laughter via Nonsense and Falsehood. The odd thing is that Addison's sense of comedy is acute—yet it rules out the whole mad side of the English comic gift.

The general reader will turn with most interest to Mr. Smithers's comments on *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. Their story is well known. They were the propaganda of the new middle-class virtues. No other nation has invented quite this kind of occasional essay, vivacious and yet moralistic, cogent yet careless, and Addison rather shrewdly traced the recipe and especially the humour of it to our intolerable climate. One might also trace it to the need of distraction felt by people who have a chronic disbelief in the necessity for making up their minds. By temperament, Addison disliked scholarship, disliked the factual accuracy of the sciences; he was a solitary walker, a day dreamer—both resources of men who are clearing their minds for practical business, in morality or affairs. He had read immensely; he saw the virtue of popularising classical and Biblical reading—Mr. Smithers says that his influence upon English society, before and after his death, has been exceeded only by the Bible; a large statement! Where are Shakespeare and *The Pilgrim's Progress*?—and his object was to bring learning out of the libraries into the hands of the "polite reader." For something very interesting had happened in the early 18th century: "natural genius" belongs to every age; but now, by a stroke of luck, it had been born into a "polite" one. Complacency could hardly go further and complacency has rarely been so right. The luck lay in being in at the birth of the intelligent general reader; and, one might also add, at the birth of the free conscience. Steele could entertain with his lively accounts of the misfortunes of ladies of the town, marital jealousies, and the agonies and comedies of love; but Addison addressed himself to the conscience and lightened the sermons with anecdotes and *faits divers*. He addressed himself above all to that part of us which is working things out for ourselves. One has only to read any of the graver moral pieces to see how exactly Addison hit the seriously concerned, hopeful tone of ordinary English conversation, with its mania for the "right," its aspiration towards the respectable and elegant and its quiet working up to a hard-earned smile.

In a model literary form, *The Spectator* (and especially Addison's contributions to it) foreshadows the general tone of the contemporary British Press which loves to draw a moral from the crime it exploits. The Addison who wrote the very funny essay on the "grinning competition":

> The next that mounted on the Table was a Male Content in those days, and a great master of the whole art of Grinn. He did his part so well that he is said to have made half a dozen women miscarry. . . . The Prize it seems fell upon a Cobler, Gile Gorgon by name, who produced several new Grinns of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many years together over his last. At the very first grin he cast every human feature out of his counten-

* *The Life of Joseph Addison*. By PETER SMITHERS. *Oxford*. 35*s*.

ance; at the second he became the face of a spout; at the third a baboon, at the fourth the head of a bass viol and at the fifth a pair of nutcrackers . . .

ended by asking—

whether the raising such silly competitions among the ignorant, proposing prizes for such useless accomplishments, filling the Common peoples' heads with such senseless ambitions and inspiring them with such absurd ideas of superiority and pre-eminence has not in it something Immoral as well as ridiculous.

Addison in short had the recipe for success. He was the right man at the right time. If his simple prose and persuasive skill please us, if his zeal is always reasonable though his view of men and women too general to be borne, too full of "convenience" as he would say, we have to prod ourselves to see that this worldliness was an innovation, an experiment and was even revolutionary. Addison was not falling back on old ideas but formulating new ones; and they required the invention of a literary form. Even so, and if we grant his great influence on society, he remains a meritorious functionary, and far less than the dominant figure in the literature of his time.

V. S. PRITCHETT

LINES FOR THE DUCHESS

Beggars and choosers throng the roads
With ho! what smoke of horse and wheel;
But you must stare away your hour
And nightly circle to the famished tower.

Stitch here an antler or a spray,
Unpick the threads and start again.
To make the moments go or come
The captive sparrow and the lute are dumb.

Fold up his image in your eye,
Stare at his cruelty in your glass;
But do not kneel as once you kneeled
To read the cliché on his perjured shield.

JAMES REEVES

AN INSTRUMENT OF IMPROVEMENT

The Life of John Stuart Mill. By MICHAEL ST. JOHN PACKE. *Secker & Warburg*. 42s.

Probably the best kind of biography of a great writer is the kind which has everything in it, down to trivialities of daily life, quotations from unimportant letters, and small episodes and scenes from the memoirs of the time. Only an untidy accumulation of trivialities can help one to catch the private tone of voice, and to guess the impulses which were the unrefined source of the work. Mill wrote a great *Autobiography*, but in a very public tone of voice; like everything else he wrote, it was a lesson for the times. He even thought of himself as a lesson for the times. Mr. Packe is the first full and critical biographer. He has used many unpublished letters and manuscripts and he quotes effectively from them. There are enough scenes and incidents to suggest how Mill's temperament was formed. Mr. Packe has broken through the superficialities and constructed a character which in part explains the genius. "Ah, I see: the finishing governess," said Disraeli, when he first saw him in the House of Commons. This and Carlyle's wonderful epithets—"wire drawn," "colourless," "aqueous"—are the sneers which give the public nature of Mill, thinly noble, even, copious, right and true.

As always, the connecting threads of temperament are to be found in the early chapters, in the family which finally formed his attitudes. Mill was the first of the modern line of sons of cold, upright, elevated fathers and his mother was left behind, quite insignificant, in the race for self-improvement. She never entered the *Autobiography* and lived and died neglected, as James and John went higher and higher in virtue and esteem. The son ought to have revolted or been crushed. He never revolted and was not crushed, but rather gently flattened. The effect of the flattening was to make him for ever receptive and softly impressible by every powerful influence around him. It became his genius always to learn, to absorb, to be open-minded, and to be ready modestly to fit every rational insight into his developing system. His father had broken him in, and he became an incomparably sensitive European listener, deriving elements of truth from St. Simon, Comte, Coleridge, Carlyle, Austin, de Tocqueville, and so piecing together the foundations of the social sciences and the theory of social democracy. Of his father he wrote: "As Brutus was called the last of the Romans, so was he the last of the eighteenth century . . . the eighteenth century was a great age, an age of strong and brave men." He had early been made to feel weak and uncertain in an age of the weak and uncertain. But he made of his uncertainty a positive strength, the only constructive virtue in an age of historical criticism. Together with de Tocqueville, he was the first truly experimental theorist of society, and there has certainly been no one comparable after them. Mr. Packe shows him at the end of his life still balancing one partial truth against another. His conclusions were always, in the favourite word that Austin gave him, provisional. He was a great critic of society, because he always thought dialectically, in terms of reconciling opposites—the deductive method and the historical method, unchanging human nature and changing institutions, welfare and freedom of choice. As political problems are problems of adjustment, and do not require solutions, his method of thought and temperament perfectly fitted his subject-matter. For the same reason he now seems comparatively trite and superficial as a metaphysician; it seems that philosophy must always go to extremes if it is to be philosophy at all.

Mr. Packe explains how the influences still flowed in after Mill escaped from his father: above all Harriet Taylor. He seems to have established, using the new evidence, that Mill's later thought really was substantially guided by her, and that the statements to this effect in the *Autobiography* were not pious exaggerations. His work on the subjection of women and on re-distribution of wealth was almost as much the expansion of her thought as the utilitarianism had been the expansion of James Mill's. "Our ideal of improvement went far beyond democracy, and would class us decidedly under the general designation of Socialists." This sentence, from the *Autobiography*, typically drafted like a minute in the East India Office, gives the literal truth in its use of the plural "us." His masterpiece, *On Liberty*, was composed and revised, sentence by sentence, in this co-operation which was not, as with his father, tutelage. Even the *Logic*, which was wholly his own work, is much richer, less bleak and mechanical, and of more enduring originality, than anything that he had written in his early life. With Harriet Taylor he thought he could see the best of both ends of his Century. It seemed possible that votes might be given to women, and wealth to some extent re-distributed, before he died, in that high tide of politics guided by enlightened opinion, and before the reaction set in. It had always been his greatness to keep the issues of abstract philosophy and of contemporary politics together. After his death they were to fall apart. Philosophy retired to the Universities, and the unity of liberal thought, which came down from the Encyclopaedists, was broken. The politics of reform were to become specialised, either in the hands of experts like the Webbs or of hard practitioners like Lloyd George, and only John Morley was left, a solitary disciple, still holding literature and politics together.

The story of Mill's life is at once melancholy, because of the long suppressions of personality

JONATHAN SWIFT
A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY
J. Middleton Murray
'The best book that has yet been written about Swift . . . The particular interest and value of it lies in his penetrating analysis of Swift's enigmatic character and personality.'
SUNDAY TIMES 30s.
Recommended by the Book Society

AEGEAN GREECE
Robert Liddell
'Tells us about the Isles of Greece, which he has known intimately and long . . . I found it an enjoyment to read. He gives us a sense of light and line that is the Aegean's wonder.' *Harold Nicolson* in the OBSERVER
42 illustrations and 2 maps. 25s.

LIVE AND LET DIE
Ian Fleming
author of *Casino Royale*
'James Bond's pursuit of Mr. Big, the vast Haitian, who uses Captain Morgan's long lost treasure and the hypnotic power of voodoo in the cause of Communism . . . Tremendous zest and a sense of communicated excitement. How wincingly well Mr. Fleming writes!'
SUNDAY TIMES 10s. 6d.

AN END AND A BEGINNING
Dorothy Cowlin
author of *The Slow Train Home*, etc.
In this new novel, the author once more shows her ability to reveal that 'ordinary life' is always new, variable and full of interest. 12s 6d.

FANFARE FOR A WITCH
Vaughan Wilkins
author of *And So-Victoria*, etc.
'This outstandingly colourful, ingeniously contrived, compellingly readable addition to our small store of genuine historical romance.' *Morchard Bishop* in JOHN O'LONDON'S
Reprinting 12s. 6d.

All prices are net
JONATHAN CAPE

and feeling, and also moving, because of the almost incredible modesty with which he made himself a means to an end, an instrument of improvement. Perhaps any story of a life which was a complete success, a perfect adaptation of means to ends, must be melancholy reading. There seems to have been no limit to the cost which the great figures of that period would pay to complete their work. Mr. Packe describes Carlyle's cautious and cruel relation to Mill very well, although he evidently dislikes Carlyle. And, like almost everyone else, he is uneasy with Harriet Taylor, and there seems to be no means of understanding her. The only weakness of this admirable book is that it does not sufficiently relate Mill to the early and mid-Victorian background. Also it would probably have been better to omit the rather hasty comments on Mill's thought. But the book as a whole is of absorbing interest and of great value. It is very well produced, indexed and illustrated, and has five hundred pages of text. This may even justify its price.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

THE PERENNIAL PROBLEM

The Face of Violence: An Essay with a Play. By J. BRONOWSKI. *Turnstile Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Face of Violence is one of the most arresting and effective of plays for broadcasting, not only because of the skill and invention with which it is written but because it tackles a problem endemic to the human race and now, for many people, obsessive: the problem of violence, of man's inhumanity to man and, moreover, the pleasure man appears to derive from his inhumanity. In his play Dr. Bronowski imagines a returned prisoner of war unable to settle down to civilian life because he is haunted by a dream of revenge on the guard who has gratuitously persecuted him and his fellows in the prison camp. He leaves his home and family to track the man down, and finds him in the end, not in the criminal underworld to which it seems from his nature he must belong but in London, no romantic monster of evil but very much the "little man" of the cartoonists and the "common man" of the politicians:

> Violence has a face
> Which is most commonplace.

It is good to see the play in print; and to it Dr. Bronowski has prefixed a most interesting essay on the nature of violence, which he illustrates from anthropology, literature and life, giving a conspectus of the subject from the scapegoat king of *The Golden Bough* to the Antiquis murder of a few years back. His thesis is akin to that of Sir Charles Darwin in *The Next Million Years*: man is a wild animal. Civilisation sits uneasily upon him, and violence is the protest that the frustrations inevitable in society evoke in him. The violence may be vicarious. The obvious contemporary example is the success a writer like Raymond Chandler enjoys among thousands of thoroughly respectable readers. Or it may be uninhibited, the gun pulled on the policeman, the cosh coming down in the dark. That Dr. Bronowski's diagnosis is correct cannot, I think, be doubted; Christianity, after all, has known it for two thousand years, and in our own time psycho-analysis has exposed its roots again: there are no dreams so evil as those of a good man.

Short of denaturing man, there is no cure; but Dr. Bronowski has his palliatives. "At the heart of our violence, in act or in feelings," he writes, "lies the wish to show ourselves men with a will." This the complexity of present-day technological society thwarts and, as a result, contemporary man feels himself denied "a place in the world." The danger, then, is that he seizes a place by force, by anti-social violence. Dr. Bronowski concludes:

> The heart of social reform today is to make the world acknowledge the central place in it of every man's work. Exactly because ours is a mechanical age, we can have no man in it merely a cog. The dignity of labour has been put into his hands by the machine.

There is a question, however, Dr. Bronowski does not raise: How does it come about that we today are especially obsessed with violence? I came to Dr. Bronowski's book fresh from reading Dr. Homes Dudden's monumental *Henry Fielding*. It is plain that whatever may be the degree of violence in English society now, it is as nothing compared with what it was two hundred years ago, whether in individuals or in the State, when, as Fielding wrote, "Many cartloads of our fellow-creatures are once in six weeks carried to slaughter"—at Tyburn. There was not much the author of *Jonathan Wild* did not know about violence. His hero stands impartially for the contemporary equivalents of the cosh-boy and of Hitler (Charles XII of Sweden). Fielding realised where the orgiastic impulse towards destruction of his times came from—from the brutalising poverty which deprived so many of the sense of a place in the world.

We are conscious of the problem as few of Fielding's time appear to have been, and the reasons are surely plain. For one thing, most of us are still half in thrall to the notion of human perfectibility, so that, with Acton's dictum in our minds, such a statement as Hobbes's "In the first place I put for a general inclination of all mankind a perpetual and restless desire of power after power, that ceaseth only in death," is still shocking. And then something has happened to violence, something not precisely new but on a scale without precedent. We have seen violence become as it were sophisticated, perverted, the resentments and frustrations of the common man harnessed to ideologies, the expressions of his violence exploited calculatedly by his rulers for political ends. In a sense—and here I would place the stress rather differently from Dr. Bronowski—the danger today is no longer mainly from the natural human impulses but from the modern propaganda techniques that play into the hands of Fielding's "Great Men," the power-maniacs, the psychopaths of genius, whose tools the resentments and frustrations of ordinary men so easily become.

WALTER ALLEN

DETECTION AND A THRILLER

That Yew Tree's Shade. By CYRIL HARE. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Cretan Counterfeit. By KATHARINE FARRER. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Drag the Dark. By STEPHEN RANSOME. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Death in the Fifth Position. By EDGAR BOX. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The One That Got Away. By HELEN MCCLOY. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Case of the Lazy Lover. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Alibi Innings. By BARBARA WORSLEY-GOUGH. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

No Man's Street. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Spinsters in Jeopardy. By NGAIO MARSH. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

That Yew Tree's Shade is the pick of this bunch without question. As readers of his *Tragedy at Law* will remember, Mr. Cyril Hare expects his public to be intelligent and makes no concessions to vulgar ignorance: and on this occasion only the sharpest-minded and most well-informed can hope to pit their wits successfully against him. Mrs. Pink, "the nicest woman I ever knew," is mercilessly slain, on the slopes of Box Hill by the look of things, at any rate in the George Meredith country. What possible motive can account for such an innocent victim? Remember that Mr. Hare is a lawyer, like his detective Mr. Pettigrew. Even so the answer is likely to astonish you by its simplicity as much as its subtlety. The book makes the writing of detection seem all too easy. The situation might well arise in real life, the narrative is effortless, the dialogue amusing, and the characters abound in vitality. Why cannot all detective stories achieve this delightful air of spontaneity? But it is only once in a blue moon that an author hits on a foolproof plot that has never been used before and can afford to discard for once all the usual heavy paraphernalia of deception. *That Yew Tree's Shade* must be reckoned a gala occasion both for us and Mr. Hare.

Mrs. Christie has shown us once or twice what murderous feelings arise among archæologists on their digs. Miss Farrer's archæologists carry the business a stage further and are ready to assassinate each other even off duty in Soho. In *The Cretan Counterfeit* the quarrelsome fellows have returned from Corfu with a dubious Minoan find. Reputations are at stake; loyalties are divided; adultery is afoot; and only the British Museum and a pleasant young detective can sort things out. Miss Farrer introduces a number of exotic characters and writes with great gusto. It is a pity that her solution breaks one of the cardinal rules of detection; but she may do better next time. The reader will do well to repeat that hard saying "All Cretans are liars, said the Cretan." Whatever the paradox may mean, it does *not* guarantee the trustworthiness of all Cretans.

In *Drag the Dark* it is Yuletide in New York. A man has run off with a diamond and a girl; and before both valuables return to circulation a circumspect killer has struck three times amidst the snow and slush. An excellent plot with a splendidly dramatic solution is hampered at every turn by the tedious maunderings of Schuyler Cole. Mr. Ransome's detective partnership of Cole and Speare derives from illustrious antecedents. But if Speare is out to rival Holmes in perspicacity, that is no reason for Cole to out-Watson Watson in garrulous futility.

Which member of the St. Petersburg ballet cut the cable, thereby dropping the leading ballerina to her *Death in the Fifth Position*? Owing to the insouciance of the ballet world in the matter of morals, there are at least seven suspects milling around. Mr. Box's style aspires to extreme sophistication: any depravity is grist to his mill. Sex, both homo and hetero, drugs and the Communist Party, he takes them all in his stride. As long as the publicity agent of a hero races round, teasing the boys and appropriating the most

CRIME CLUB

The Crime Club

for the most entertaining detective novels of today

TWO NEW CHOICES:

NGAIO MARSH

SPINSTERS IN JEOPARDY

"**A superb performance.** This really is a tour-de-force."—STAR *10s. 6d.*

ANTHONY GILBERT

"Always an expert storyteller"*

SNAKE IN THE GRASS

A first-rate thriller, full of humour and surprises and with a problem as baffling as ever. *9s. 6d.*

*MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

CRIME CLUB

RAY BRADBURY

Fahrenheit 451

'The powerful horror of this compelling tale . . . I advise it for all worshippers of speed, luxury flats and mechanical labour-saving devices. Once read it will never be forgotten.'

9s. 6d. JOHN BETJEMAN

Sopranino

ELLAM & MUDIE

'This is a modest and endearing book, and its story lifts the heart at a time when so many people are telling us that the spirit of individual adventure is dead.' OBSERVER

Illustrated. 16s.

Jubilate Agno

CHRISTOPHER SMART

Mr. W. H. Bond has made an exciting literary discovery. 'An admirable re-edition of the poem, introduced by a clear summary of the problems involved . . . Excellently produced.'

15s. TIMES LIT. SUPP.

The Golden Honeycomb

VINCENT CRONIN

'The magic of Sicily is captured in this beautifully written and profoundly perceptive work. Information, beautiful descriptions, searching comments pour from his pen.' THE TIMES

Illustrated. 16s.

Matthew Arnold

Selected by JOHN BRYSON

'I am delighted that the Reynard Library should have published a full anthology of all his most enduring works. . . . If you read at least three or four of the poems or essays, never again will you feel that Mathew Arnold is old-fashioned or dull.' HAROLD NICOLSON

800 *pages.* 26s.

Seven Years in Tibet

HEINRICH HARRER

'Some books, like some mountains, are lonely and unrivalled peaks, and this is one of them.' THE ECONOMIST

Illustrated. 16s.

HART-DAVIS

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

THE ANSWERS
OF ERNST VON SALOMON

A provocative and personal account of German literary and political life from 1918 to 1946, by the famous Prussian nationalist. 35s.

THE ANNOTATOR
ALAN KEEN &
ROGER LUBBOCK

"For those who enjoy Shakespearean research—or indeed literary detective work of any kind—it is very strongly recommended." *Anthony Powell in* PUNCH.
Illustrated. 21s.

FICTION

CONFLICT OF WINGS
DON SHARP

"I enjoyed it all enormously and can thoroughly recommend it."
JOHN O'LONDON'S. 10s. 6d.

BLACK ARGOSY
MERCEDES MACKAY

"Concerned to illustrate the sort of fate which may overtake Negro visitors to this country." SUNDAY TIMES. 12s. 6d.

PUTNAM

COLLET'S
BOOKSHOPS

A book of MODERN CHINESE

FABLES

By Feng Hsueh-feng

Illustrated with twenty-five
WOODCUTS
by Huang Yung-yu

PRICE 2/-.
POST 6d.

★

The latest issue of
CHINESE LITERATURE
has just arrived, containing two short stories by LU HSUN ("The Chinese Gorky") Articles, colour prints, stories and folk songs.

166 PAGES 1/6D. POST 6d.

Order from any newsagent or
COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS
45, Museum St., London, W.C.1.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
FOR BOOKS

Bookbuyers throughout the world turn to this bookshop as a knowledgeable source of information on all their book requirements. And from generation to generation they praise and recommend Foyles —and buy their books here.

All new Books available on day of publication. Secondhand and rare Books on every subject. Stock of over three million volumes.

Foyles have depts. for Gramophone Records, Stationery, Handicraft Tools and Materials, Music.

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2
Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)
Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)
Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

Recent Novels

FRANÇOIS GORREC

THE SEVENTH MOON

The strange and fascinating record of a man's escape from the Japanese in Indo-China and of his hazardous thirty-day trek to freedom. 10s. 6d.

ERNST JUENGER

AFRICAN DIVERSIONS

"The final ironic comment on the romanticism of escape . . . by one of Germany's most distinguished writers." —*Manchester Guardian.*
"Freshness and universality . . . a rare clarity and interest."—*The Times.* 10s. 6d.

EDITH WHARTON

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

"To read her is to be refreshed and reassured that permanent values in Literature as well as life have not irretrievably depreciated." — DANIEL GEORGE (*B.B.C. Overseas Service*). 12s. 6d.

JOHN LEHMANN LTD

attractive girl, affairs go briskly, and the virile reader may feel slightly intoxicated in sympathy. When it comes to the detection, however, the sympathy dwindles. Like many another newcomer before him, Mr. Box wants to flummox the audience at first go and opts for a chancy rather than a deliberate solution. Any one of his suspects can be framed for the purpose; and his final choice of villain may provide a chuckle at the expense of Senator McCarthy, but little solid satisfaction.

In *The One that Got Away*, a well-written, exciting story of a boy who persists in running away from his comfortable home in the Highlands, there is one delightful clue which sailed straight over my head and got away safely. Readers should take better aim than mine, for they are never given another chance. But there is a sad shortage of justification for the two murders. Miss McCloy is a dab at psychology and up to the latest tricks of that ambivalent trade. Yet even the twelve solid pages of argument at the end of the book will hardly pummel us into accepting her solution as adequate.

"Circumstantial evidence never lies," remarks Perry Mason at the close of *The Case of the Lazy Lover*, after exculpating his client by reliance on it. The reader, however, has no chance to anticipate Mason's train of reasoning because the circumstantial evidence in the plan on the frontispiece *does* lie, as the draughtsman has omitted a crucial factor. Otherwise Mr. Gardner is as impeccable as ever in his streamlined Californian style: he is not the best seller in the world, bar the Bible, for nothing.

I can't help liking plots where the detective is called Partridge, "a pedantic sort of brute but pretty efficient at his job," according to Miss Worsley-Gough, who employs the brute to discover who knocked the lady novelist's block off while the village cricket match was in progress. Novelists regard cricket as the most comical game imaginable; and Miss Worsley-Gough, who is bent on fun at any price, makes a roaring success of her match. The characters in *Alibi Innings* are most amusing, the style is overwhelmingly gay, and the solution, for a wonder—humorous detective writers so often try to laugh it off—is no joke at all, but a triumph for pedantic Partridge and his competent creatrix.

The fate of *No Man's Street* should serve as a warning to popular novelists who trespass on the field of detection without proper authority. With great aplomb Mr. Nichols mixes up some smart ingredients, Communism, homosexuality and music, introjects a dim detective, who shows his originality by his exquisite sense of smell, obliges his villain to perform some preposterous manœuvres—and expects to baffle the *cognoscenti*. The plot bristles with loose ends, but even those cannot distract attention from the motive, which can be seen a mile off even by the detectively short-sighted.

Miss Marsh is away on holiday from detection this time, in the south of France along with the Alleyn family. *Spinsters in Jeopardy* is a pure thriller, and fairly homespun at that, as one can only expect with precocious young Master Alleyn perpetually underfoot and his doting parents fussing over him. In a medieval castle beastly black masses are by way of being celebrated, while near by the drug traffic attains its vile ends; the whole caboodle of wickedness being under the ægis of a gentleman "with a genius for defilement." Unfortunately the Alleyns are terrible spoilsports; the black mass is a fiasco; and the genius never gets a chance at defiling anybody. Miss Marsh will never bring herself to write a real shocker as long as Master Alleyn is clinging to her skirts.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Pinorman

Personal recollections of
Norman Douglas
Pino Orioli and Charles Prentice

by

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Disclaiming any attempt at a formal study of Douglas and his circle, Richard Aldington here recognises no responsibilities except to the truth and, by allowing his memory free rein, brings these three remarkable men to life with an image sharper than any orthodox biography could achieve.

The facts about Douglas which emerge will be new to many and this book will certainly provoke discussion and keen controversy. There is, of course, a brilliant abundance of anecdote and incident: charming, wildly funny—and sometimes distasteful. There is also sound judgment and valuable criticism especially in the central discussion piece on *South Wind*.

Out Today *Illustrated* *12s. 6d.*

HEINEMANN

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA

The Egotistical Sublime: A History of Wordsworth's Imagination. By JOHN JONES. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

Wordsworth's poetry confronts the critical intelligence with a formidable obstacle: there is so much of it; weariness and revulsion sooner or later infect the reader. Matthew Arnold tried to rescue Wordsworth's poetry from its author by anthologising, and established a popular tradition of cheerful but damaging over-simplification. But the bitter fact is that Wordsworth's art is slow, cumulative, undramatic; the weight and monotony are of the essence, no less than the obscurity of his symbolising processes and the fervour and oddness of his beliefs. To examine the whole of Wordsworth's poetry with Wordsworth's own sense of the integrity of fact is a rare and courageous endeavour. Mr. Jones has made such an attempt, and the results are impressive.

The Keatsian title, chosen without facetious intent, indicates the centre of gravity for Mr. Jones's view. The most vital quality of Wordsworth's mind, he finds, is its literalness and its solitude: hence not only the profundity, but also the narrowness, the obstinacy, the weak self-criticism, the lack of humour, the dullness. Coleridge described him as a *Spectator ab extra* —a man who strove to see everything for, what it was while his mind preserved "her own inviolate retirement." Wordsworth believed that the object he fixed his gaze upon would yield up its secret entire; for him the moral universe was a single intelligible structure. His greatest gift was his profound and subtle grasp of the way the world was wedded to the mind and the mind to the world.

By paying close attention to Wordsworth's singular vision, Mr. Jones discovered that the poetry moved through three phases. The work of the Great Decade was a poetry of solitude and relationship. Before the Great Decade was over, a poetry of indecision had begun to supervene. But Wordsworth did not suffer complete occlusion: in a few late poems the "baptised imagination" (his own phrase) is triumphantly at work.

In his great early poetry, landscape is Wordsworth's single comprehensive metaphor for reality; when rendered in its arcane particularity it is deep and rich enough to encompass the range of moral life. The recurrent Solitaries—self-absorbed, impervious figures bereft of personality and almost indistinguishable from the landscape—are no less important. For they are the principle of relationship in action; they embody "the eye made quiet," the wise but childlike state which (through the grace of poetry) annihilates the gulf between the integrity of the thing and the inviolate solitude of the mind. Through these figures, and without drifting toward philosophical or allegorical separation, Wordsworth can steadily evolve his reality out of the sacramental meeting of the inner and outer worlds.

But this integral vision was vulnerable. Already in the 1804-5 portions of *The Prelude* Wordsworth was losing his grip on particularity. The landscape shrinks; crude oppositions and an obtrusive pathos emerge when he tries deliberately to write a transcendental poetry quite foreign to his earthy genius. The shift, as Keats resentfully noticed, was towards generalisation and a nagging rationality. Then his brother's death sealed the process, forcing him *faute de mieux* into a faint and desolate Christian pietism. In the latter poetry he was *trying* to write Christian verse; usually, through dimness of experience rather than from timidity or disingenuousness, he failed. Yet very occasionally—and Mr. Jones makes no extravagant claims for the late poetry at large—Wordsworth came upon a vein that was genuinely Christian and genuinely Wordsworthian. The literalness returns, directed now upon a dream or a Blake-like vision. While his eye is at its old fever of concretion, there is no transcendental vapouring; Paradise has a terrible and severe solidity; all is ceremonious, heraldic, Apocalyptic; the imagery has its pristine beak-like hardness. It is as though he had moved into an ancient yet primordial innocence in which he sees God as suffering, God as Artist delighting in the minutiae of creation. Wordsworth's massive egotism—his genius—is transfigured, if only momentarily, in an impulse of praise and humble gratitude. "His waterfall-trumpeter is now the archangel."

The tone of this book is firm and unpretentious; and the vigorous, distinct writing rewards the reader with many memorable pungencies and felicities. The running contrast that Mr. Jones draws between Wordsworth and Coleridge is on the whole illuminating, but is sometimes pressed unnecessarily beyond the point of accuracy. If some of Mr. Jones's judgments are sharply provocative, the taut undercurrent of his rigorous thinking is a constant token of good faith and a stimulus to reflection. This incisive, honest, and sensitive piece of criticism leads one to inquire afresh—and with some hope of relevance—into Coleridge's claim that Wordsworth was a great philosophical poet.

GEORGE WHALLEY

THE GENTLE ENEMY

The Adventures of John Wetherell. Edited and with an Introduction by C. S. FORESTER. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*

Those who wonder whether we are more or less humane than our ancestors will be fascinated by this book. Certainly people for whom the past is a morass of squalid violence from which Bentham set us free will find plenty of evidence to support their view. John Wetherell was hauled off his ship by the press-gang in 1803, when the renewal of hostilities after the peace of Amiens had set the Navy scouring the ports for men. He endured, and described, a year of the hardship and brutality for which the Navy was still, even after the Nore mutinies, notorious. A tyrannous and inefficient captain, having made life miserable even beyond the ordinary for his officers and crew, finally piled up his ship on the rocks of the Breton coast. Wetherell and his companions were taken prisoner; and during the ten years of captivity with which this diary is mainly concerned they encountered, and took in their stride,

murderous hardships and acts of sadism which would now at once be condemned as atrocious.

Yet the main impression this book leaves is of the sane humanity which Englishmen and Frenchmen displayed during the Napoleonic Wars. If efficient organisation had not yet ironed out brutality, neither had it eliminated spontaneous charity; the poisonous conception of a "People's War," which makes hatred a civic duty, had not yet taken hold. The shipwrecked seamen firmly informed the authorities that they wished "to be used as Men and Prisoners of War by distress, not by any battle or capture," and they met in general with a kindliness which contrasted oddly with the treatment they had received at the hands of the Royal Navy. By easy stages they were marched across France to the fortress of Givet, well-fed, comfortably billeted and free to wander much as they would; and at Givet, after several months of lethal sickness and confusion, they settled down to ten apparently happy years.

It was in 1804 that Napoleon broke with the policy, till then universally practised, of exchanging prisoners at the earliest possible moment, and Givet was one of the first modern prisoner-of-war camps. Life there quickly developed many features which have since become very familiar. No comment is needed, for instance, on this passage:

> It was in this room that all those concerned in the Plot used to meet; they had a private passage from the chimney down to the Stable where they took their regular turns digging in the Secret Mine and piling their earth all around the Stable . . . Those who went down used to strip in the room above, put on an old Shirt to work in, and on their signal being given by one always to watch they would instantly repair up to the room, wash and dress, then all disperse.

But escape projects were not much in vogue: there were no officers to foment them, and life was too pleasant. Plentiful supplies of money came from England through normal banking channels, enabling the prisoners to feed better than the troops in the nearby barracks; books and letters arrived in great quantities; the prisoners learned and practised trades, studied, discussed, formed choirs and orchestras and wandered at will in the hospitable town. Givet, wrote Wetherell proudly, was "no longer a prison but a repository of Arts and Sciences." The British repayed the kindness of their captors, turning out with their band to serenade the Grand Army, gladly mending a bridge in record time for the use of the Emperor who rewarded them with a pinch of snuff, hearing with sympathy of the sufferings of the Russian campaign. When the allied invasion of 1813 forced the French to move them to the interior, the prisoners left with real regret.

There followed five months of marching and countermarching until contact was made with Wellington's army in the South. Near Châlons they found

> The whole country round, as far as could be seen, was one entire Mass of Soldiers, and the Main road was all day crowded with recruits all Marching, singing and huzzaing as they went, crowding along past us with some a drum leading in the van, and other parties with a bugle or an old fiddle to cheer up their drooping spirits.

But even though France was *in extremis* the British sailors, with their 36-piece band, were everywhere made welcome. At Richelieu indeed they enjoyed a month-long idyll of such enchantment that "the whole of our Men all declared that this place ought to be called Paradise." It was a far cry from the lashes of the bo'sun's mate of the *Hussar*.

Altogether this diary, illustrated with the author's own excellent drawings, embellished by his execrable verse, and ably introduced by Mr. C. S. Forester, is a publication of first-rate importance. It is one of the most lively and unusual documents of a period rich in such records.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Just Published

ARCHAEOLOGY FROM THE EARTH

By SIR MORTIMER WHEELER

23 half-tone plates and 20 text-figures

25s. net

The pre-history of man is a hundred times as long as history, and our knowledge of man's achievement thus depends to a disproportionate extent upon the unwritten records of stone, metal, clay and other materials which time has buried. The present book deals in critical fashion with some of the methods whereby the modern archæologist recovers these buried records, and at the same time emphasizes their human content. The author's style is lively and vigorous, and he never forgets, to quote his own words, that 'dead archæology is the driest dust that blows'.

By the same Author

PREHISTORIC AND ROMAN WALES, 30s. *net*

Also from our Archæological List

FOUNDATIONS IN THE DUST

A story of Mesopotamian Exploration

By SETON LLOYD 250*pp.*, *6 plates, 1 map.* 18s. *net*

TUTANKHAMUN'S TREASURE

By PENELOPE FOX 194*pp.*, *illustrated.* 25s. *net*

For our newly revised Archæological List, please write to

OXFORD · UNIVERSITY PRESS

Amen House London E. C. 4

'THE LONDON MAGAZINE was needed'

said *The Observer*, and *Time & Tide* called it 'the literary magazine we have all been waiting for'. For those who enjoy reading stories, poems and articles by the leading authors of today; for those who want to follow the development of new talent at home and abroad; for those who look for first-class criticism by a first-class team of reviewers, we believe each number will be 'a cheering event' as *The New Yorker* maintained.

No 4 is just out and contains:

WILLIAM SANSOM *a story* **EDITH SITWELL** *a poem*

ELEANOR FARJEON *a memoir of Edward Thomas and Robert Frost*

Professor J. M. Cocking *on André Malraux*

C.V. Wedgwood *on G. M. Trevelyan*

Maurice Cranston *on Simone de Beauvoir*

No 5 will be out in mid-May, and will contain:

EVELYN WAUGH *Apthorpe Placatus*

PIERRE GASCAR *The Cat* **EDWIN MUIR** *a poem*

J. B. PRIESTLEY *The Future of the Writer*

A Letter from New York

Rex Warner *on 'The Confidential Clerk'*

Margaret Lane *on 'The Tortoise and the Hare'*

VERY GOOD INDEED *The New Statesman*

Alexander Baron, Dannie Abse
A. A. Roback, Joshua Podro
Gustave Delbanco & Josef Herman
are among **26** Contributors to

The Jewish Quarterly SPRING ISSUE
edited by J. SONNTAG

Just published *112 pages*

The ONLY Anglo-Jewish Literary Magazine
Now entering its 2nd year publication

2/6 12/- (U.S.A., $2) p.a. post free

From newsagents and booksellers or direct from The Publishers :—
JEWISH LITERARY PUBLICATIONS
59-61 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1

Continental Holidays

THE 1954 FELLOWSHIP PROGRAMME of Holidays Abroad gives details of over 50 Centres and Tours, ranging from popular Dinard, Ostend and Paris to Norway, Yugoslavia, Corsica and Sicily. Special holidays include Painting in Paris, Music in Salzburg and Canoeing on the Moselle; walking tours amid Europe's most spectacular scenery, Coach tours and Mountaineering Courses in the Alps. The free illus. booklet *Holidays Abroad* gives full details—write for your copy to Dept. EA.

The Holiday Fellowship
142 Great North Way, London, N.W.4
Tel. : HENdon 3381 (*5 lines*).

HOLIDAY SPECIAL

House Parties in Britain and Abroad
Try something original this year. Combine a gay holiday in interesting company with foreign language practice! Our illustrated House Party leaflet will give you details of our parties in Cornwall, Windsor, Switzerland and Austria (July 2nd—Sept. 12th.)

Fully inclusive arrangements from £7 . 7 . 0 p.w.

ERNA LOW TRAVEL SERVICE
47 (HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. Ken. 0911 & 9225

L.P. RECORDS, FACTORY-FRESH
not used for demonstration, post-free. Information service (classical music, books on the arts).
THE HILL BOOKSHOP
87 High Street, Wimbledon, S.W.19. WIM 0198

AFRICA'S CHALLENGING PROBLEMS
are of direct concern to you. The Africa Bureau (which is all-party) seeks to promote direct relations between the people of Africa and Britain. In order to carry out its purposes it urgently requires financial support and members. If you can help, or are interested, please write to:
THE AFRICA BUREAU, 69 Great Peter St., London, S.W.1.

EUROPEAN RADIO
FRIDAYS 6d FRIDAYS 6d
PROGRAMME DETAILS OF 20 CONTINENTAL STATIONS, NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS OR
137 BLACKSTOCK ROAD, LONDON, N 4

NEW NOVELS

The Sword of God. By RENÉ HARDY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Donbas. By BORIS GORBATOV. *Russia Today Book Club.* 3*s.*

Templeford Park. By ALICE ACLAND. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Looking at these three books one realises how the seamless robe of Fiction—that samite garment that Flaubert, James and Turgenev wove for us in the last century—has been torn beyond repair. There is no such thing today as the Novel—there are only new novels, good, bad and indifferent. In so far as we can still speak of fiction as an art form, it seems to hold together, like some wobbly Hegelian universe, through the sheer force of its contrasts. In the present becalmed state of fiction, the reviewer can only raise a wind by pointing out how astonishing these contrasts are. A war, a coal mine, a storm in a Spode teacup: *la littérature engagée*, literature as an instrument of moral persuasion, literature on the top tier of the cake-stand—such are this week's dissimilar offerings.

M. Hardy is deeply engaged about the war in Indo-China. He wields a fast, fluent, rather breathless pen and he knows how to tell an exciting story in an impressively exciting way. "Impressively" is the trouble. For M. Hardy is out to impress at all costs, to impress us in the same way as M. Malraux impressed us in *La Condition Humaine* and M. Sartre in *La Mort dans l'Ame*. And he is ill-equipped for rousing such emotions. All existentialists are inclined to cry "Hey presto!" at the moment of historic truth, but M. Hardy, who is only half an existentialist and has therefore less excuse, exclaims more than most. He does so in a series of shrill overtones and nagging gesticulations, and the reader eventually becomes bored with his histrionics.

Nor is his characterisation particularly skilful. His hero, Jean Kernez (ex-Spanish Civil War, ex-Eighth Army, ex-Resistance) is a tough matchstick of a man, fizzing and spluttering his way to a French firing squad with a strange unGallic waywardness. His brother, the Abbot of Minhbah, a figure of cardboard saintliness, only becomes credible and pathetic at the very end of the book. There is M. Torlet, a villainous war contractor, and his wife Liliane, one of those sad strung-up French women of a certain age, bleached by life, whom we so often see on the high-class film screens. M. Hardy comes out most strongly in his portrait of Tâh, the Viet-Minh Political Commissar—a ruthless but oddly moving character whom his creator manages to make entirely convincing. This, and the general atmosphere of the book—the black Annamese mountains, the grenades hanging "like monstrous fruit" from the tent-poles, the strange aberrations that Leninism takes on among the jungle tribesmen—are M. Hardy's staple virtues. He has pitched his book in too high a key for art, but his contemporaries are unlikely to find it less readable on that account.

With *Donbas* the reader is back in the lost forgotten world of the prep. school holiday task. Victor, the young Stakhanovite hero of the Steep Maria coal mine, is an old friend. Along with Tom Brown, Amyas Leigh and the rest, he belongs to that host of gallant good fellows winning out for righteousness in the best of all possible worlds. When he first came to Donbas Victor was a laggard at the pit. He and his friend Andrei were a disgrace to the Komsomol and "their doings were chalked up on the emulation board hanging up over the check gate." Nor does Nechayenko, the local Party Organiser, find the comrades very satisfying. Dropping in casually one evening (shades of Mr. Rose in *Eric*!) he examines the boys' belongings.

"Not exactly crowded out with culture, are you?" he said, thumbing the books. "You fellows surprise me—rich coal-cutters like you, and you can't buy yourself decent books. What are you spending your money on?"

He had come as a guest but felt himself at home. Such was ever his way. He radiated vitality, and it was a pleasure to look at him. There was a tang of the sea about him. In his duck suit, sports cap and white shoes he looked anything but a Party organiser, still less a colliery Partorg. At the moment he was just a breezy, friendly hail-fellow-well-met.

Gradually, Victor and Andrei turn over a new leaf. They plan a revolutionary change in mining procedure by which output at Steep Maria can be stepped up. The climax comes with Victor's classic all-night stint at the coal-face when he does the work of eight men and mines 115 tons of mineral.

Victor was really beautiful at that moment. Every movement of his body, with its rippling muscles, was both beautiful and intelligent. The whole of his swarthy, vibrant body, shining with sweat, was magnificent to behold, as is every human body in the act of work. . . . A cloud of prickly coal-dust hung almost motionless in the air. Dasha's throat was full of it. . . . She crawled after him through the working, whispering:

"Keep it up, Victor, keep it up, darling, beloved!"

The feat earns the boys a trip to Moscow, when Andrei has an interview with Stalin. Here we can sense Mr. Gorbatov writing on a razor's edge:

. . . Andrei trustfully and unflinchingly looked Stalin straight in the face.

A dear, familiar face. It was like and yet unlike the portraits; it looked at once older and more youthful; it was kinder, much kinder than on the portraits; it was simpler, more endearing. . . .

And then Andrei himself boldly opened the conversation. . . .

"How is your health, Joseph Vissarionovich?" His voice shook with genuine emotion, and Stalin heard it.

"Splendid," he answered. "Thanks. And yours?"

From start to finish *Donbas* is moral literature in the fiercest sense, the sense that Plato recommended in the *Republic*. Every line is a punch line, every character has been assigned his or her place in the organised assault on the reader's emotions. The writing is vivid, humorous, pleasantly didactic, never mawkish. If *The Archers* was scripted for a closed instead of a relatively open society, this is how it would be written.

Miss Acland, gonging teatime from behind the french windows, pulls us back from the pithead. *Templeford Park*, a tale of gentle adultery set against a National Trust background, could only have been written for the English. The hero is a baronet, one of those ascetic, self-controlled philanderers dear to the hearts of our lady novelists; the heroine, though she starts off as a sweet little thing, becomes rather soured between 1915 and 1950. Miss Acland writes smoothly and wittily, and though her book is overloaded with the usual properties—nannies, puppies, paraffin lamps, the rain pattering on the virginia creeper—it has a small hard core of Meredithian irony. I hope that in her next novel she will cut away some of the pulpy surround and give us the bitter-sweet fruit at the centre of her talent.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

Monkey On My Back. By WENZELL BROWN. *Elek Books.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A boy broke into the New York apartment of Mr. Wenzell Brown, a journalist and social worker, stole his portable typewriter, and met him on the way out. In the chat that followed, it came out that the thief was the son of a well-to-do friend of Mr. Brown, that the generous allowance he got from his father was not enough to buy the drugs he needed, and that he was stealing "compulsively" to get more. His need for more was an agony—the description of it is the more harrowing because it is a description of the sufferings of children. He had "a monkey on his back." While Mr. Brown was still wondering how he could help, the boy was found dead in a Bronx back-alley, the evidence being equally consistent with murder, suicide, and a fall from the roof of an adjacent eight-storey tenement block.

Mr. Brown began to investigate the New York drug

traffic, fell among probation officers, and went "underground" for twelve months. He came up with a tale of the Puerto-Rican counter-society in Spanish Harlem, the cynical "dope" traffic among adolescents and schoolchildren that has its roots there, the tortures of deprived addiction, the lost battle being fought by the United States Public Health Service hospital for addicts at Lexington, Kentucky, the gallant beginnings of a "Narcotics Anonymous," the special (but seemingly futile) Narcotics Court in New York—and a collection of personal histories the more horrifying for the quiet and careful quality of Mr. Brown's totally convincing narrative. This is a deeply shocking book. Perhaps the true measure of the evil it exposes is the opinion of American social workers that the drugs themselves, with all their consequences of moral and physical disintegration, are less harmful than the inevitable means by which American adolescents and children are now so desperately obtaining them.

Folly Farm. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Joad's last book, written during his final painful illness, is fittingly introduced by his friends, John Betjeman and the Rev. Canon Frederic Hood. They describe his late adherence to Christianity, which comforted his last illness, and rightly speak of the high value he placed on the Communion Service which was regularly held, in the presence of a group of his friends, by his bedside during his last months. Just how much Dr. Joad "believed" is not important; he told at least one of his close friends that though he did not at all accept the orthodox doctrines of Anglicanism, he derived great spiritual support from a genuine communion with a group of men and women whose values and attitude to life were akin to his own.

The book itself is familiar Joad of the late vintage; it is a protest against the loss of individual freedom, the destruction of the countryside and the decline of good cooking and other pleasures which Joad had himself enjoyed so keenly in a world menaced by national hysteria, war, over-population and over-industrialisation. It is written after the manner of Thomas Love Peacock, and retains to the end the argumentative fairness and freshness which always characterised his writing.

Communism and Christ. By CHARLES W. LOWRY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Lowry, an American Episcopalian rector, delivers a vigorous sermon, or perhaps a Fourth of July oration, on "demonic," "neo-Pharaonic" Communist Russia, as seen at long range by an American churchman, eager to warn the West of its peril before it is too late. He says nothing about Communists in America, but concentrates on Communism as a new world-religion. He gives a popular exposition of Marxism and of Christian history, in enthusiastic but rather uncritical black-and-white. His Christ is all that a twentieth-century American would wish: life-affirming, happiness-promoting, democratic; and of course he said all the great things attributed to him in the Fourth Gospel, but with a Rotarian meaning.

Dr. Lowry writes as though, since the West has "a Christian civilisation," therefore its values are all Christian in origin, except for a regrettable lapse into humanist self-sufficiency in the Renaissance and the eighteenth century; and "American democracy is an offspring of which the great mother Christianity need not be ashamed." He has moral fervour, and no doubt he is on the side of truth and goodness; but the great issues of our day need a deeper analysis than this.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,260

Set by T. W. Eason

The following recipe for almond tarts from *Cyrano de Bergerac* has been tried out and proved excellent in the eating. The usual prizes are offered for an equally toothsome and practicable recipe in an equally strict English verse form. Limit 20 lines. Entries by April 27.

Battez, pour qu'ils soient mousseux,
  Quelques oeufs;
Incorporez à leur mousse
Un jus de cédrat choisi;
  Versez-y
Un bon lait d'amande douce;

Mettez de la pâte à flan
  Dans le flanc
De moules à tartelette;
D'un doigt preste, abricotez
  Les côtés;
Versez goutte à gouttelette

Votre mousse en ces puits, puis
  Que ces puits
Passent au four, et, blondines,
Sortant en gais troupelets
  Ce sont les
Tartelettes amandines!

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,257

Set by Marmaduke Dench

Competitors are here asked to write a poem—not necessarily a parody—beginning "Oh, not to be in England now that April's there."

Report by Marmaduke Dench

Lay any *N.S. & N.* competitor on the couch, start him off with "England, April . . ." and it's Great Turnstile to a squashed tomato that he will react with "Budget, tax returns, spring-cleaning, tax returns, Budget." Where are the lambs and the blossom? Perhaps Stanley Sharpless has the explanation:

The English used to have a Thing about Spring,
Chaucer, Shakespeare, Housman, were all in the ring,
Along comes Mr. Eliot, says it's no good,
No gathering nuts and may in *his* Sacred Wood.
The cherry-hung-with-snow bough
Is definitely low-brow . . .

and H.A.C. Evans was on the same tack:

Oh, not to be in England
Now that April's there!
Since, for England as a Spring-land
Browning's yen I do not share.
I prefer to raise Mr. Eliot's beef,
That this goddam month only brings us grief . . .

J. P. Comyn worked in all the stock responses, and a handful more:

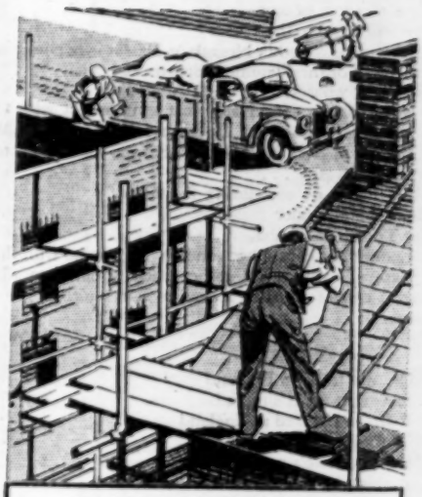
Oh, not to be in England now that April's there,
Avoiding Tax Return and Budget scare
Enjoying abroad a not so Lenten fare.
Oh, to be well away from spring-cleaned places
New Season fashions and Newmarket races
And dull reports of rather dirty cases . . .

Elaine Morgan supplied a homely little vignette:

The inwards of that dear, dear land
Will lie exposed on every hand—
You'll see (you know as well as I know)
Strange pristine areas of old lino,
Upended rugs in drunken dolls,
Obscene back-bedroom curtain poles,
Mysterious Things from top back shelves,
Albums of smirking former-selves . . .

First prize of three guineas to D. R. Peddy for so clearsightedly facing the implications of his wish; two guineas to Edward Blishen for cocking a witty snook at Browning; and one guinea to Rhoda Elliott. Runners-up: Pat Bullen, Silvia Tatham.

Oh not to be in England, now that April's here,
For the Budget may mean that the times will be lean
  and the living will be, not to put too fine a point
  upon it, austere,
But where to go from England, that's the point—
If, after all, one considers almost any other country,
  one is reluctantly forced to remark "What a joint!"
For example, there's France, which, with respect,
  is a trifle unstable,
And America where, quite apart from the fact that it
  might just as well be governed by Betty Grable,
As a NEW STATESMAN reader, you might not even gain
  admission,
And even if you did, you'd be well advised to beat it
  quick when at lunch-time they brought the nuclear
  fish on;



MONEY AT WORK
IN BRITISH INDUSTRY

The regular calls of the Home Service Insurance Man provide much-needed capital for investment in industry & commerce

Issued by the Industrial Life Offices

While the Italians, once renowned as waiters, tenors, and vendors of ices,
Now add crises to their vices ;
Furthermore, whether Neguib or Nasser is in power in the land of the Pyramids, Sphinx and Nile,
Neither is what you'd call an Anglophile ;
It is, of course, conceivable that some might wish to don khaki and go, at Government expense, to the jungles of Kenya, Malaya or Indo-China, or to Korea's wastes . . .
Well, there's no accounting for tastes.
Me, I would sooner
Try Tristan da Cunha,
But, all things considered, and having put up with the place all winter, I'd rather stick it out manfully than choose April as a time to start quittin'
Britain.

D. R. PEDDY

Oh, not to be in England
Now that Ap.il's there !
R.B., you looked at England
Through a rosy pair
Of expatriate's goggles,
Basking by the Med.
Imagination boggles
At the lies you spread !
You're right : the leaves are tiny ;
But you quite forgot
(Italy's sunshiny)
That the rain is not !
Oh, you Apriliser !
So the thrush sings prettily !
Wise ? But you were wiser,
Robert, warm in Italy !
Let your peartree scatter
Blossom on the clover :
You were in the latter
Five hundred miles from Dover !

EDWARD BLISHEN

O, not to be in England
Now that April's here,
With the ghostly, shrouded sofa,
The stark, denuded stair ;
The anguished shriek of tortured rust ;
The beaten carpets sweating dust ;
The curtains dripping from the bough,
In England . . . now !
And after April follows sorrow.
There dawns a pale, hygienic morrow.
Ousted from my last oasis,
I view the desert with misgiving.
Lost are my pipe, my coat, my favourite braces ;
My half-solved thriller. Where's the good in living ?
I know, alas, I never can recapture
That comfortable rapture ;
Nostalgic scent of smoke and musty tweed
That satisfied my customary need.
The stench of bog-mud on my boots is still
Far sweeter than a germicidal swill.

RHODA ELLIOTT

CHESS : Lucky Underdog

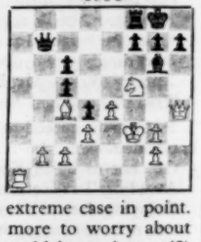
No. 237

We all have some sympathy for the underdog and some admiration (tempered by envy) for one who prevails triumphantly against seemingly overwhelming odds. Here we can combine all these sentiments with a bit of righteous glee in seeing Goliath smitten by David. It must be rare indeed for a mere R & B to have the chance of wiping out an entire army almost to the last few men. Even so, and though a mate in 10 may sound a formidable proposition to those of us often enough stumped by a mere 3-mover, I will not give a point more than 4 ; nor do I feel at all miserly in offering 5 ladder-points for **B**, yet another example of brain triumphing over brawn and spirit conquering matter. This too is a mate in 10. As for **C** (by the great Sam Loyd), I can dispense with a diagram. Competitors will merely have to put up White's basic position. Then, to earn 6 points they will have to answer the question where the Black K should be posted so as to be mated in 3 moves. **D** is a little more difficult and may be almost worth its 7 points. It is alleged to be a game-position achieved by that indomitably witty Viennese master Prof. Joseph Krejcik who is rightly proud of having lost more games than anybody by seeking the mysteriously hidden beauty rather than the plainly obvious success and by exploring fascinatingly hazardous by-ways rather than the dull pedestrian highway leading straight and safely to the goal.

A : N. Sardotsch 1910

B : Expertus 1916

D : Joseph Krejcik 1914



Here (diagr. **D**) is a somewhat extreme case in point. With a piece up and nothing more to worry about than (1) . . . Q x KtP White could have chosen (2) R-R2 or any other similarly simple road to victory. But the Professor chose to thrill his *kibitzers* by (2) B x P ch. Most of them saw in a flash that both R x B and K x B would lead to speedy mate. But what if Black played (2) . . . B x B, as indeed he did ! Was there any other wizardry, hidden in the position ? There was, as the Professor proved by proudly announcing a sui-mate in 3 and promptly demonstrating it. It took some time for his thrill of creative achievement to be marred by the sober realisation of having scored the point for his opponent rather than himself.

E : Shinkman 1904

Since so many competitors seem to have taken a fancy for sui-mates, **E** is one slightly more difficult and quite possibly worth its 8 points. How then does White force Black to mate him in 9 moves? After so fancyful an hors d'œuvre competitors may enjoy the solid meat of a couple of honest endgame studies. **F**—White to win—is no less subtle than **G**—White to draw. Neither of them is very easy; ye., to rate them 10 each could not be fully justified even by the inflationary tendency traditional in holiday-rating ; hence, my only excuse is the desire to reach the nice round total of 50 ladder-points to be garnered during the Faster weekend.

F : Henri Rinck 1910

G : S. M. Kaminer 1928

Usual prizes. Entries by April 26.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 234. Set March 27

A : (1) P-Kt6, P x P. (2) P-R6, P-Kt4. (3) B-B3, B x B. (4) P-R7, P-Q7. (5) P queens, P queens. (6) Q-K5 mate.

B : (1) P-Kt5, P-K3. (2) B-Kt7, P x P. (3) B-B8, P x P. (4) B-Kt4, P x P. (5) P x P ch, P-K7 ch. (6) B x P mate.

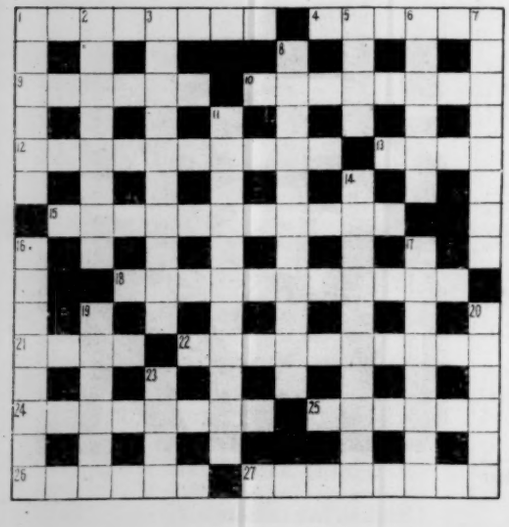
C : (1) Q-B1 ch, K-R7. (2) B-Kt1 ch, K-R8. (3) B-K3 ch, K-R7. (4) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-Kt6. (5) Q-Kt1 ch, K x P. (6) B x BP ch, P-Q6. (7) Q-B1 ch, R-Kt7. (8) Kt-K3, P-Q7 mate.
if (5) . . . R-Kt7. (6) B-Q2 ch, P-Q6(B6). (7) Kt-B2, P-B6(Q6). (8) R x KtP, R x Q mate.

Many stumped by **B**, even more by **C**. Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, B. Lodge. *Non-Londoners' 21st move : resigns.* White's 19th, mo.e of course, was a howler. Comment to follow shortly.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 96

Prizes : Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 96, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on April 27



ACROSS

1. The serpent appears to laugh at a transgression, by the sound of it (8).
4. Order material (6).
9. Although they have a slope in the middle, they make one look tall (6).
10. Irregular and casual aid in bringing back the harvest (8).
12. But even if letters are in the wrong order, it is a capable hit (10).
13. Two loves for an M.P. (4).
15. Cheap drink, but it helps to fill one out (11).
18. No city is put into words for big business men (11).
21. " Men are but gilded —— or painted clay " (*King Richard II*) (4).
22. The wretched fellow has to live anyhow in between irregular grants (10).
24. If back in the forces perhaps they are men to salute (8).
25. Press misrepresentation ? (6).
26. Streaky—yet there is hope of bliss in the piggery (6).
27. " O —— and sterile Dolores, Our Lady of Pain " (Swinburne) (8).

DOWN

1. Literature for the masses (6).
2. Protector of snobs (8).
3. Glamour of a tart ruined in legal proceedings (10).
5. River in evergreen French town (4).
6. For the library's patron there is Latin and English in the central section (6).
7. He looks after scholars, virgins, and thieves (8).
8. Is water conservancy a help to the diver ? (11).
11. Machines which need a screw up (11).
14. Untutored and not fit to repeat (10).
16. Places with little depth a saint makes holy (8).
17. Having the guts to rent digs in an unfamiliar setting (8).
19. The old chap who makes a mistake ? (6).
20. A longing harmonised (6).
23. Caught after beginning to eat a fish (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 94

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 94

L. W. Caulcott (Solihull), Mevr. Francina Bolwidt (Doorn), F. S. Whitehead (Barkingside).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

LONDONDERRY, Magee University College. Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Geography for three years from October 1, 1954. Salary £500 rising by annual increments of £50 to £600, with the usual children's allowances and F.S.S.U. benefits. Applicants should have special qualifications in Physical Geography. Three copies of applications, which should include two testimonials and the names of two referees, should reach the Secretary of the Trustees, Magee University College, Londonderry, Northern Ireland, not later than May 8.

B.B.C. requires General Programme Producer, North Region (Leeds). Good educational background and experience in production or scripting of radio features and/or drama, or extensive professional experience in such fields as Stage, Journalism or Social Research essential. Knowledge of North of England desirable. Starting salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,175. A successful candidate without full experience might be appointed initially at a lower grade. Requests for Application Forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "139 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

BRISTOL Social Project. Applications are invited for the post of field worker in the Research Team. Candidates must have experience of postgraduate social research and a degree in one of the social sciences. The candidate will be expected to remain with the Project for a period of 2 to 3 years. The salary will be within the range £750-900. The selected candidate may, if appropriate, be appointed Research Associate in the University. Four copies of applications, together with names of three referees, should reach the Secretary, 4 Berkeley Square, Bristol, 8, not later than May 3, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

AN Administrative Assistant is shortly to be appointed by the Community Council of Lancashire (a voluntary organisation concerned with social welfare and informal adult education). Commencing salary £400-£500 according to qualifications and experience. Preference for applicants 25-35 with training in,-and/or experience of, social administration, office organisation, committee work, report and memoranda drafting, preparation of financial statements, budgets, etc. Typed applications (six copies) stating name, sex, age, address, education, degrees, diplomas, etc., offices held, present position and salary, observations, names and addresses of three referees (one personal, one educational, one employer) to General Secretary, C. C. of L., Selnec House, Manchester, 14, before end of April.

COUNTY Council of the County of West Lothian. Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker with West Lothian County Council. The person appointed will be required to assist in the development of the psychiatric service related to the School Health Service, in addition to duties in the general psychiatric services for which the Local Authority is responsible. Qualifications, salary and conditions of service will be as recommended by the Whitley Council for the Health Services. Salary Scale £470-£640 p.a. The post is superannuable and the successful candidate will be required to produce a medical certificate. Applications, giving age, qualifications and experience, together with names of two referees, to be lodged with the undersigned within fourteen days from the appearance of this advertisement. John Calder, County Clerk, County Buildings, Linlithgow.

JUNIOR Mistress, not over 40, reqd. in May for small group 7-10-yr.-olds. Co-ed. school in Gloucestershire. Box 6983.

NATIONAL Peace Council requires General Secretary. Knowledge of international affairs, organising ability & administrative experience essential. Salary according to qualifications. Applications, with full particulars, should be sent before April 30 to Chairman, N.P.C., 29 Great James St., W.C.1.

WORKERS' Educational Association, London District; Senior Assistant to take charge of small office. Shorthand-typing essential. £350-£450 according to age, qualifications and experience. Write to S. Church, Secretary, W.E.A. London District, 28 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

A PANEL of Temporary Shorthand and Copy Typists is being enrolled by St. Stephen's Secretariat for work during the Spring and Summer, 10-5. No Sats. Any period. All districts. 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, or 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

JOB Hunting after Easter—Films, Gowns, Export, Architects, Engineering? Burnett Bureau have the largest selection of office vacancies in London—and at what salaries too! Come along and see for yourself after the holidays, and take your pick! Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. Ger. 9911 (10 lines).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RAINHILL Hospital, Rainhill, Near Liverpool. Applications are invited for a full-time Clinical Psychologist. Salary scale and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Councils for the Health Services Professional and Technical Council. Applicants must hold an honours degree in psychology of a University of England, Wales, Scotland or Ireland, and should be in possession of a proficiency certificate. The appointment will be subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations and subject to passing a medical examination. Applications stating age, qualifications and previous experience, together with copies of two recent testimonials to reach the Medical Superintendent not later than April 29, 1954.

CHILDREN'S Service—Welfare Officer (male) required. Applicants should have Social Science Diploma and/or Home Office Child Care Certificate. Current Driving Licence essential. Salary A.P.T. Scale 1/11 £465-£540 p.a., plus London Weighting. Starting grade according to experience. Superannuation. Duties include boarding-out of boys aged 11-15 and after care 15-21. Apply in writing by May 7, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copies testimonials and names of two referees, to the Secretary, Thomas Coram Foundation for Children, 40 Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

COLEFORD District Community Association, Gloucestershire, require full-time non-residential Warden, man or woman, for Sept. 1. Salary £450. Superannuable. Appli. forms from Mr. S. D. Morgan, Boxbush Rd., Coleford, Glos., returnable within one calendar month from appearance of this advt.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist for intelligent junior boys in residential school for maladjusted children. Box 7258.

CAPABLE woman for Matron's duties in small boys' school. Box 7259.

COMPETENT cashier required, able to deal with receipts, payments, banking. P.A.Y.E., Deeds of Covenant. Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

A VACANCY exists for the position of private secretary to the Secretary of the British Film Institute. Applications in writing to 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists for occasional work on our Emergency Staff. £6 10s. 30-hour week. Introductions to permanent posts. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

AUTHOR (fiction) requires experienced sec.; must know shorthand and type. Languages an asset, not essential. Prepared to travel if necessary. Under 40 preferred. Refined, cheerful character. Box 6967.

SECRETARY-Typist with qualif. or exp. Social Studies reqd. for Dept. developing social science research in Further Education establishment London area. Box 7314.

TRAVEL Agency requires two men, one fluent French and one fluent Italian speaking as resident representatives abroad for the summer months. Write fully to Box 7324.

ALL Office Staff supplied and wanted. CHA. 8471, Holborn Secretarial Agency, 4 Holborn Place, W.C.1. No fees staff.

SECRETARY required. Must be capable stenographer, good at figures and adaptable to diverse duties. Interesting post for intelligent person. Box 7172.

TEMPORARY shorthand-typs., bi-lingual shorthand-typs., etc., reqd. for interesting work. High rates of pay. GER. 1069.

ACME Agency for perm. and temp. office jobs. No Fees. 4 Bienheim St., Bond St., W.1 (1st right Oxford St. end). GRO. 4577.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting: duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

BUSY woman Doctor with 5-year-old daughter requires kindly & capable housekeeper take sole charge tiny Hampstead cottage. Woman with older child considered. References, please. Box 7271.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

WORKING Foreman/Bailiff, wide experience all crops, stock, machinery. Good organizer. Wife experience poultry. Would like opportunity to keep own stock. First-class references. Box 7304.

MAN, univ. degree, office exper., shs. work evenings. Anything. Box 7235.

GRADUATE Master, 31, sgle., shs. post all August. Tutor/companion, camp supervision or other offers consid. Box 7225.

INTELLIGENT young Irishman desires to hear of vacancy for gentleman valet, no objection to travelling. Box 7059.

WOMAN musician, qualified teacher, L.R.A.M., accompanist, piano, violin, composition, theory, choral, also experienced general infants' teaching, seeks post London or Surrey. 2, Rectory Rd., S.W.13.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

ACCOUNTANT/Business Manager stagnating in present post requires progressive position. Good organiser. Box 7029.

YOUNG man (35) shs. temp. post. Fluent Spanish, excellent French, Italian. Anything considered except office work. Box 7033.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly terms arrgd.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

TWO modern single divan rooms. Tenants share own kitchen. Use bath, etc. 35s. each weekly. TUDor 5076 after 6.

HIGHGATE Woods. Beautiful divan-room, £2 sgle., £3 dble. Well-kept house. Refs. exchanged. TUD. 8207 after 6.

BED-Sitter in writer's flat, edge of Heath; use kitchen, 'phone, etc. 2½gns. Please write with 'phone number to Box 7266.

HIGHGATE Village. Lge. sunny furn. B/Sit. rm. quiet hse. Suit stud./teacher. Bath, tel., use kit. 35s. MOU. 5619.

HAMPSTEAD. Acc., full brd., £3 3s. wk., sharing, for girl students. Box 7227.

HIGHGATE, 3 mins. tube. Large single divan-room, new fitted carpet, new lightwood furniture, concealed double gas-ring with own meter, use of kitchen, bath. Linen, light, weekly cleaning included. Suit young professional person. £2 15s. MOU. 9610.

LONDON, N.W.3. Delightful large bed-sitting room available facing East. Newly decorated. Cooking facilities. Box 7279.

N.W.6. S/C furnished flat, 3 rooms, kitchen, bath. Garden. Box 7242.

TWO cheerful adjg. div.-rms. in comf. flat. Mod. cons. Working-class distr. Suit 2 yng. ladies. Mod. rent. LAD. 5505.

OWN bed-sit. and share of comfortable flat, bus. or prof. lady. £2 5s. WIL. 3720.

DOUBLE or single divan-room, every convenience, lovely house Finchley, opposite Tube. HIL. 4861.

FINCHLEY (opp. Tube), flat, 2 beaut. rms., concealed kitchenette, b. & c.; newly furn. Suit 2/3 sharing. HIL. 4861.

DIVAN-sitting-rm., ckg. facils. 32s. 6d. Clapham South. Ring BAT. 3565.

MAGNIFICENT sgle. rm. 23×15, £3 3s. incl. cleaning, use kit., bath, gas, c.h.w., bedlin., milk 'frig., elec., fire, check met. Long let. Lady pref. MAI. 5267.

ST. John's Wd. Lux. room in mod. block, prof. person only. 3gns. CUN. 9636.

NORTH Finchley. Bed-sit. in flat. Heat, light, baths, use kit., garden, 'phone. 37s. 6d. Woman only. Box 7251.

LARGE furn. bed-sit facing Common, own bathrm., w.c., kit., tel. £4. PUT. 3144.

DOUBLE and sgle. rooms from £2, newly dec. No interfer. from owner. PRI. 5602.

SMART dble. b/room, all comfs., v. cen. AMB. 6078 before 11 a.m./after 9 p.m.

HIGHGATE. Furnished room, 1/2 people, use kitchen. Available May 10 to July 15. 45s. MOU. 2110 after 6 p.m.

ST. JOHN'S Wood. Exceptionally pleasant large double bed-sit. room with kitchen-dining room to let for long period. Share bathroom. Constant hot water. Near Tube and bus. 4½gns. wkly. Primrose 4485. Box 7319.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming double div. rm. Ckg. fac. Washbasin. H. & C. Well-kept house nr. buses and Heath. HAM. 7428.

WELL-fur. gr. fl. b/s. rm., con. h.w. gas fire & ring, use kit., lin., serv. Child welc. 50, Cleveland Sq., W.2. PAD. 5457.

E. CROYDON. Furn. flat, 2½gns., 3 rooms. Use bath. Box 7315.

CARAVAN, charming position Alfriston, 5s. Not July 10-Sept. 11. Box 7206.

WILTSHIRE vicarage in Downland setting to let July 31-Aug. 21. Rev. W. H. Macartney, Upavon, Pewsey.

FURNISHED house: exceptional view Merionethshire. 4 bedrooms, 2 sitting-rooms, kitchen. Annual tenancy preferred. Modern services by arrangement. Box 7094.

BETWEEN Looe and Polperro. To let (not Aug.), Furn. Bungalow, 3 bedrooms, bath, modern conveniences. Also cottage, similar accommodation. 4 mins. safe secluded beach. Blackhurst, Porthallow, Nr. Looe, Cornwall.

CARAVAN: nr. Ditchling. 2-berth. April 20-28; May 9-July 20; apply Clement, 69 Alexandra Rd., N.W.8.

MOUNTAIN Retreat: Superb view Tremadoc Bay; furnished, 4 bedrooms, 2 sitting-rooms, kitchen, bathroom, central heating, garage. Short periods. Box 7093.

BLUE Anchor Bay Holiday Flatlets, Somerset. All flatlets self-contd., overlkg. sea. Most carefree and economical holiday. Vacs. Easter to June, Sept. onwards. Write Kathleen Hardwick or 'phone Dunster 241.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

VIEW Seaford Head. 100 yds. sea. 2min. bus. Dbl. B/S. rm. Kit. W.C. Use bathrm. 1 adult 3½gns., 2, 4gns. Seaford 3762.

UNFURN. flat wanted, 3 or 4 bedrms., sit.-rm., bath & kit. Central. Box 7229.

WANTED: Unfurn. flat or unfurn. room with kit., use of bath. Central London. Moderate rent. Box 7237.

YOUNG man seeks comf. bed. sit. pref. nr. Victoria St., reasonable. Box 6957.

RETIRED couple want good permanent home in vegetarian family or guest house, on or near S. Coast, two rooms, full board. Moderate. From Sept. Box 7216.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MAY. 2076. Rapid, accurate typing, duplicating &c. Miss Padbury's Bureau (Miss Kenyon, B.A.), 22 South Molton St., W.1.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

LITERARY typing: Retired Fleet St. sub-editor assists preparation, typing MSS. Valdar, 34 Pennington Rd., Southborough, Tunbridge Wells.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau can supply First-class Secretaries by the half-day or day, and an office for private dictation for brief or lengthy periods. Plays, Novels, Theses, etc., are all typed intelligently and efficiently at top speed. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing. Expd. Secretaries. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765, Ext. 1. MOU. 1701.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W.1. Booklet sent.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, Dept. N/N, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

SCHOOLS

A BOYS' Preparatory School set amongst pinewoods in lovely country by sea, with excellent record in both work and health. The atmosphere, free from institutional taint, is very pleasant and there is a great deal of personal contact between boys and staff. Four acres of playing fields, half a mile of private beach, all games, swimming and sailing. Healthy outdoor life. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Comprehensive, illustrated prospectus. Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

MORNING Class, children, 4-6 yrs. Bayswater Rd., W.2. Term May 3. Telephone AMB. 5124.

ODAM Hill School, Romansleigh, South Molton, is opening a new department for boys and girls 13-17 years, who want to train for a career in farming. Basic education combined with tuition in practical and theoretical farming. No exam. reqd., but good character and average intelligence necessary.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlooking Channel, Welsh Hills. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. PRImrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

HERTFORDSHIRE. Sherrardswood School, Welwyn Garden City. A co-educational Independent day and boarding school for children aged 4 to 18 years. Junior School (children aged 4 to 10) is in a separate building, a Georgian mansion in its own grounds. Senior School (children aged 11 to 18) work up to G.C.E. Ordinary, Advanced and Scholarship levels. Small classes. Special attention paid to the less academic child, and facilities for practical work and out-of-school activities.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HARROW, near shops/station. Furn. apartment house for sale £1,500. Fully let. Net income £730 p.a. House to be purchased. Becon, 146 Fleet St., E.C.4.

DUBLIN (seaside). £4,000 will secure excellent hotel business near Dublin. Box 3817, Eason's Advertising Service, Dublin.

PERSONAL

PAINTING holidays, glorious Welsh coast. For all stages, also beginners in need of artistic expression. Individual tuition. Mountainside studio, live on farms or guesthouse. Particulars: Box 7307.

LADY seeks partnership or position of interest. Administrative ability, three European languages, own car. Capital and business connections can be furnished. London essential. Box 7076.

DOES any London practitioner require conscientious M.B., B.S. (Bart's) as assistant trainee? Box 7047.

REQD.: 2 seats in car touring Continent 2 wks. Aug. 7. Share costs. Box 7113.

AFRICAN student (f.) wishes accompany family with children to the Continent in July. Reliable, fluent English. Box 7169.

OWNER (m.) new Ford Zephyr thinking of driving to Southern France 3 weeks from mid-June, seeks male passenger or companion holiday sharing expenses. Box 7254.

FRENCH Riviera. Sunny rooms, with breakfast if desired, in private villa near sea. Now till early July only. Enclose postal coupon. Box 7221.

YOUNG couple going Lake Garda by car, early July, seek two others, share expenses. SPE. 2631.

1 seat, car, Switz., Italy. Dep. Apr. 28, ret. May 16. Share exps. SNA. 2456.

WOMAN, 34, married, 3 children, seeks well-balanced person, view starting interesting project, e.g., pottery studio. Suggestions welcomed. Box 7202.

WOULD kindly family who have no colour prejudice accept into their home as foster child a little Jamaican girl, aged three years. Application and particulars from: Children's Area Officer, Middlesex County Council, 13 Rosslyn Rd., East Twickenham.

SEC. (f.), 26, sks. woman comp. 2-wk. hol. abroad (Sorrento?), July/Aug. Box 7112.

ORIENTAL Desk, Pictures & Tapestries for sale, reasonable. WES. 5278.

MIDLANDS teacher (f) 28, Jewish, would like to hear from people interested forming hol. party Aug. Austria. Box 7040.

NURSE, 23, free 4 weeks August, reqs. post travelling abroad: accompany adult(s), child, anywhere. Box 7335.

IRVING Theatre, Leics. Sq., avlble. for meetings, lectures, conferences. WHI. 8657.

VISITOR, 27, wishes join car holid., Europe, before mid-July. Box 7310.

PAINTING for beginners in oils. Also small informal classes once weekly. Landscape July-August. Book now. Box 7292.

SAILING, swimming, hol. Civilised house in wild setting Poole harbour. 3 dble., 1 sgle. bedrm. Elec., gas, frig. Avail. May. Own beach, pier, dinghies. Box 7295.

YNG. man sks. compan. (m.) for country holiday early May. Exps. shrd. Box 7111.

TIPPERARY Town. Urgently required female companion/help. Assist care invalid. Stay four weeks or longer. Return fare and pocket money. Box 7210.

BRUSH up your French with grad. tchr. (f.). Priv./evg. class tuitn. BAY. 5916.

POSTAL Decor solves your decoration problem by remote control. S.a.e. for broch.: The Studio, 79a Redcliffe Gdns., S.W.10.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

MEN of distinction drink any kind of whiskey when confronted by a professional camera but can usually make do with strong black coffee if their appointment is with John Vickers at 29.B Belgrave Road, S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

"THE Traveller In Italy" is an entirely new, completely up-to-date guide to conversation for the traveller who knows little or no Italian, which will be indispensable from the moment he sets foot in the country. 3s. net from all booksellers. Publ. by Cassell.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

AUSTRIA the En Famille Way. Why not join one of the special groups visiting our Austrian Host-Family Centre; or let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illustrated Brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., Strand, London, W.C.2. (TRA. 7246-8.)

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee. 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

EXPERIENCED lady offers professional help in establishment for difficult persons (aged over 18). Surrey. Box 6902.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service programme includes Bulgaria, Austria, Israel, and most countries of Europe. Send S.A.E., 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good cheap antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

PERSONAL—continued

ORIGINAL Summer Holidays: you will find gaiety, interesting company as well as beautiful scenery on our informal parties in Britain and on the Continent. Our arrangements include leisurely sunshine holidays in Italy, France, Yugoslavia and Spain, mountain and lakeside and fjord holidays in Austria, France and Norway, visits to the Salzburg Music Festival, painting holidays and International House Parties with foreign language instruction. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.), Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SIAMESE Kittens. Pedigree seal pointed, house-trnd. 8 wks. old. Males 4*gns*., female 3*gns*. David Garnett, Hilton Hall, Huntingon. Tel. Papworth-St.-Agnes 23.

PAYING Guests. Dorset coast, isolated, good walking country. 5*gns*. weekly, full board (packed lunch if desired). Not August. S.A.E. to Box 7021.

CORSICA by Air for the ideal Mediterranean holiday at prices you can afford. Good food, fine local wine, exceptional facilities for swimming (sandy beach a mile long and also rock bathing), wild mountain scenery, many interesting excursions. Return air fare and full board and accommodation from £43 10s. to £52. Enjoy 14 carefree, sunny days at the beautiful Bay of Calvi. Write or 'phone for brochure to Dept. C.S., Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CIT. 7163.

DO you understand the difficulties of a girl without a home? If you are living within a 60-mile radius of London and are willing to help and can offer a friendly home, please write for full particulars to the Area Children's Officer, King's Mead Way, Homerton, London, E.9. Allowances are paid to cover maintenance and clothing costs. (412.)

PARENTS' Problems. Mrs. Beamish, B.A., formerly Head of Formosa School for difficult children, offers sympathetic counselling. Thirty years' experience with young people. MUS. 9672, or write Box 6368.

MENTON. Architect's house for sale. Unique construction; 2 miles from sea, on bus route; all mod. con., 3-4 bed., living room & big loggia; view over sea & mountains; garage. Revenue from tangerines, lemons, olives. Write E. Gray, Tempea Pailla, Rte. de Castellar, Menton, A.M., or visit from April 16.

WEST African Arts Club requires noise-proof rehearsal hall for traditional drumming and dancing, 8 to 10 p.m. or earlier. Once weekly. Box 7041.

SPAIN, Tossa. Barcelona 15 days, small mixed informal unherded party. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, informal unherded small party or independent. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

TRANSATLANTIC Flights are again operated this summer (for members only) by the National Union of Students, Travel Department, and there may still be a vacancy on the date you choose, so write to 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1, and book now!

OUR Personal Service. Small escorted Parties are outstanding but we also offer an unrivalled Independent Holiday Service and plan especially for you. Our Illus. Booklet will interest you. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

BREAKFAST in London, supper in Switzerland or Austria. Black Forest or Vienna-Salzburg or Dolomites-Innsbruck or Locarno-Montreux or "freelance" Tyrol. 15 days £29-£39 all-in. By air-train-coach combined. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

NORTH African Liberation Committee for abolition of foreign occupation of Muslim Countries. Those interested please write Secretary, Box 6856.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d*. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

NORWAY by air. 15 days all-inclusive camp holiday, 29*gns*. For details of this and other low-priced holidays write for "Youth Holidays" brochure, I.U.S.Y., 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. (ABB. 6894.)

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

ISRAEL. Summer Institute for Jewish students and graduates. Seven weeks in Israel for £85 all inc. Parties leave July 1, 6, 20. Apply now: "Summer Projects in Israel (a)," 65 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

BE 2*in* Taller with "Bildup" men's shoes. 76s. pair. Illus. List Free: Capitol Shoe Co. (Box 44), 315 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

COMPANIONABLE sailing holiday with tuition. South Devon. August. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth, Herts.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

CANAL Cruising holidays for fine scenery. Comfortable cruisers for 2-6 people. Houseboat with motor boat on a lovely lake. Canal Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs.

PERSONAL—continued

SWISS Hotel Plan. Interlaken, 15 days, 33½*gns*., Grindelwald, 15 days, 35*gns*., at first-class hotel, inclusive of rail. Full board and private bathroom. Also special Economy Holidays, Switzerland, Austria, France, Italy, 8 days from 14½*gns*. Booking agents for Express Coach Services to Paris & Riviera. Details from Hotel Plan Travel Bureau, 245 Regent St., W.1. GRO. 8921.

VACS. Boys' Rhineland Tour depart Newcastle July 25, London July 26. 14 days under 16's £14 5s. over 16 £15 12s. 6*d*. Whitley Bay Boys' Club, 61 Percy Park, Tynemouth.

RELAX in the Sun. On the islands of Corfu, Elba and Djerba (off the Tunisian Coast), the French Club Mediterranee runs three holiday villages where you can escape entirely from the cares of the world. Underwater fishing, water ski-ing, dancing, French cooking, excursions to Athens, Rome and the mainland of Africa. The Club will be glad to welcome British members. For further information write to: Club Mediterranee, 8 rue de la Bourse, Paris 2è, France.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655, for details.

NERVOUS Tension relieved through new nerve treatment. Relaxation-therapy, Massage, Manipulation, Osteopathy. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel.: WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

INCREASE height 2 ins. with "Adhite" elevated shoes for men. Brochure free: City Shoe Co. (Rm. 80), 147 Holborn, E.C.1.

P.S. Very few vacancies now for first Summer School parties to Venice and Rome. Parties to Barcelona, Ljubljana, Mayrhofen and Lausanne also filling up rapidly. Do not delay in writing to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. Harrow 1040.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

EARLY holidays in glorious Devon. Strawberries and cream served daily in early season. "Seaview" Guest House adj. famous 3 miles golden sands, also furnished bungalows to let. Vacancies up to July 10. Tel. 44. Write Mrs. Garness, Woolacombe.

STRATFORD-on-Avon. Comf. board residence. Priv. house, central for Churches and Theatre, etc. Interior spring mattresses. Gas fires in bedrms. Good cooking. 6*gns*. Misses Davies, 56 Rother St. Tel. 3769.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House facing sea; h. & c. bedrooms; farm produce, excel. food. Red. terms now/mid July and Sept. Tel. 286.

MULLION, South Cornwall. Why not spend your holiday at this picturesque Cornish resort and stay at the Mounts Bay Hotel? Every comfort, h. & c. and spring interior mattresses all rooms. Open all the year. Write for brochure. Resident Proprietors: Mr. & Mrs. R. Poynter.

CORNWALL. Seafront mid-promenade, safe bathing opp. house. Bed & bkfast. £3 10s. wk. Steen, 4 Marine Terr., Penzance.

HOVE. For happy, comfortable holidays. 4 mins. sea & lawns. H. & c. Excellent food. Terms from 5*gns*. 18 Rutland Gardens. Tel. Hove 39.389.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7*gns*. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

CARDIGAN Bay. Sea & mountains, children welc., wholesome food, 5*gns*. wkly. Furn. holiday flat also avail. Trevor & Mary Jepson, Brackenhurst, Fairbourne, Merioneth.

PENDINE Sands. Homely, comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce, 5½*gns*., Summer terms 6*gns*., special terms family party. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire. No vacancies for July 24-September 4.

OLD Sussex Village. Comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Riding stables attached; 5*gns*. wk. Summer 6*gns*. Robertsbridge 148.

N. CWALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 272.

LAKE District, Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

PEAK District, Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, quiet, homely. Brochure.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6*d*., postage 3*d*. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

DEVON. Guest house, own poultry, eggs, cream. 3 acres grounds. Fishing. Children welc. 4½-6½ *gns*. Bossell, Buckfastleigh.

ENGLISH Lakes. "Beck Allans," Grasmere. H. & C. all bedrms. Two lounges (one equipped with T.V.). Terms mod. Brochure. Res. Prop.: A. & E. Wild. Tel. Gras. 129.

SEA Palling, Norfolk. Quiet village near Broads, delightful beach. Good food (vegetarian optional). Full August. S.a.e. Woodbine Guest House, Tel. Hickling 236.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

DISCERNING holidaymakers welcomed at artistic couple's comfortable cottage. Good food, peaceful relaxation, cliffs, sandy coves, twixt Dartmouth and Salcombe, Devon. Box 7308.

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club Licence. Sharpthorne 17.

PICTURESQUE Tudor Farmhouse, Dorset Village. Quiet, secluded, 2 mins. Salisbury-Weymouth bus. 2½ hrs. Waterloo to door. Comf. accom. Own produce. Personal serv. Cuisine of distinction. Parties & families welc. Manor Farmhouse, East Woodyates, Salisbury. A "chez Sebastien" Guest House.

BEAUTIFUL Countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Horeham Rd. 32.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 5-7½*gns*. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

RECUPERATION at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby.

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

THAMESIDE holiday nr. Oxford. Croft House, Burcot, Oxon. Mod. tms. Boating, tennis, archery. Clifton Hampden 232.

KINGSDOWN-on-Sea, Nr. Deal, Kent. Blencathra Guest House (R.A.C. Approved), overlkg. golf course, sea; gd. food, own poultry, v. comf. 6/7*gns*. Kingsdown 225.

FARM Holidays. The 1954 Farm Guide describes Britain's Best Holiday Farms. Pages of pictures, 3s. 2*d*. post free. Farm Guide, Dept. N.S., 49 Broomlands St. Paisley.

EARLY Summer Holidays in "Britain's Best Climate" (town claim). Brochure free. Advantageous terms May; Twin-bedded 4½/6½*gns*., incl. early tea, gratuities, htd. bedroom (cen. hting. throughout) if weather cool, full board & discount tickets entitling town amenities ½-price. Singles Annexe 4½*gns*. Meat/Veget. Rec. by readers. Normanhurst P./Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. 3-mile Prom., Sun-Lounge orchestra. Few summer vacs. 5½/8*gns*. Hastings 4784.

TINTAGEL/Boscastle, Trethevy Hotel. Beautiful and restful Cornish coastal sit., home farm and ckg., every comfort. Brochure.

COTSWOLD Guest House. Own produce. Spring 3-5*gns*. June 1: 4-6*gns*. Steanbridge, Slad, Nr. Stroud. Tel. Painswick 2312.

THE Continental, St. Leonards-on-Sea, member Hastings Socialist Hoteliers' Assn., invites your patronage. (Illus. brochure.)

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Details: Paul and Beryl Work.

KENT, Tudor cottage on Downs. Canterbury 8½ miles. Full accommodation. Delightful woods and orchard. £5 weekly. H. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford.

TINTAGEL. Glorious scenery. Atlantic breezes. Comfortable chalets with verandahs. Full board optional. Brochure (S.A.E.), Tintagel Vacation Village, Cornwall.

ABERSOCH, Monte Bello Hotel, beautiful surroundings, H. & C. all rooms, spring interiors, excellent food & personal service assured; happy holiday.

LAKE District: Small, highly recom. fully lic. hotel. H. & C. bedrms. Travellers' Rest, Ulpha, Broughton-in-Furness 203.

BURNHAM Beeches, Bucks. Homely cottage accommodation for hikers, cyclists. Terms moderate. Box 7256.

EDINBURGH. All season accommodation assured or secured. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. Cen. 4871.

INNSBRUCK, Austria, 3 Pembaurstrasse. Priv. B. & B. 8s. 6*d*. Emmie Kratochwil.

FRENCH Riviera: Flowered terraces overlooking sea. Ideal climate; excellent cuisine; 1,000 yds. from Monte Carlo Casino; open all year; moderate terms. Hotel Sévigné—Roquebrune—Cap Martin. "Where guests are not just people who pay!" M. Radenne.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful quiet situation above sandy beach. Mod. comfs., 1st-class cuisine, own cabin cruiser. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to end June. Ill. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide 1954." Revised and enlarged and still 5s. from all booksellers. Pub. by Cassell & C., 37 St. Andrew's Hill, E.C.4.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues-Fri., 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30, Good Friday, 7.45. "Jupiter's Night Out."

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Enchanted." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY Theatre (BUS. 5391)—"Land of the Living," by Leonard Irwin, Thurs. to Suns. 7.30.

NEW Lindsey, Bay. 2512. 8 (ex. Mon.) Sns. 5 & 8. "Juno & the Paycock." Mems.

IRVING, Leics. Sq. Whi. 8657. Nthy. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sn. 9.30. Intimate Revue.

KARL Kraus-Abend, 45 Park Lane, W.1. Sunday, May 2, 7.30 p.m. Pamela Wedekind, Martin Miller, Heinrich Fischer. Tickets: Libris. MAI. 3030.

RECITAL of Hilde Holger School, Modern Ballet. May 1, 7.30. Rudolf Steiner Theatre. The Story of Babar the little elephant. Old Vienna, Rhythm of the East, Tibet, Aztek Cult. Booking only at the school. 27 Oval Rd., Regents Pk., N.W.1. GUL. 6822.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until April 18: "Casque d'Or" (X). From April 19: Jean Gabin, Michele Morgan in "La Minute de Verité" (A).

NATIONAL Film Th., Sth. Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Apr. 17. Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper in "Morocco" (A). Dir.: Joseph von Sternberg. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLES Palace. Adv. 3520, Sun., April 18, 7.30 "Altri Tempi" (A) Italy.

W.A.S.U. Dance. Chelsea Town Hall, Kings Rd. S.W.3. Easter Mon., 7.30-11.30. W. African Rhythm Bros. Ron Somers. 6s.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service. Social Dance. Fri., April 23, 7.30 p.m. Ethelm House, near Old Vic. 3s.

AFRO-West Indian S. & C. Scty. Easter Dance. Sat., April 17, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Chenil Galleries (Chelsea Town Hall annexe), Kings Rd., S.W.3. Men 5s., Ladies 4s.

LA Cage! Licensed Club, Cellar Bar open daily from 3 p.m. Dancing to Sacha Barnell, Sats. & Suns. Buffet. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Mem. invited.

LEAGUE of Coloured Peoples Grand Easter Dance, Saturday, April 17, at St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road. 7 to 11.30 p.m. Ranny Hart and Syncopators. Gents. 5s., Ladies 3s. 6d.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Monday, April 19, at 8 p.m. B.B.C. Third Programme presents: Symphony No. 99 (Haydn); Piano Concerto No. 4 (Beethoven); Ulysses, a Cantata (Matyas Seiber); Soloists: Arda Mandikian, Ilse Wolf, Richard Lewis, Rudolf Serkin, London Philharmonic Choir, London Philharmonic Orchestra, Cond.: Hans Rosbaud. 3s. 6d.-12s. 6d. at Hall. (WAT. 3191)/Agts.

ICA. Gallery. 17, Dover St., W.1. (GRO. 2596) Thursday, April 29, at 8.15 p.m. String Quartet No. 1 (Wilfred Mellers); String Quartet (Francis Baines); String Quartet No. 3 (Vagn Holmboe); Element String Quartet. Tickets, Members 3s., Non-Members 4s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

HOKUSAI. An exhibition of Drawings and Watercolours. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till May 1. Closed Good Friday. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Free.

PAUL & Marjorie Abbatt. An exhibition of Puffin Books at 94 Wimpole Street, London, W.1., from April 10 to 24 inclusive. Weekdays 9-5 p.m., Saturdays 9-1 p.m.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Cathleen Mann. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Barbara Hepworth Retrospective Exhibition: Carvings and Drawings, 1927-1954. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, S.W.1 (behind Haymarket Theatre). Spring Exhibition, April 3-May 1, 10-5. Closed Sundays. Admission 1s.

"PARIS-Londres." Pictures acquired recently in France, by Renoir, Degas, Monet, Bonnard, Dufy, Rouault, Soutine, etc. 9.30-6, Saturday 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

ICA. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Exhibition Victor Passmore Paintings & Constructions 1944-54. Daily 10.30-6, closed Suns. Members free, non-members 1s.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

HEAL'S New Designs, 1954. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, pottery, carpets, etc., by leading designers. Fourth floor. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

GIMPEL Fils. 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Roger Hilton and recent work by Denis Williams.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings from the Movements of Cubism; Formalism; Abstraction; Sur-realism. Exhibn. closes May 8. Hrs. 10-6, Sats. 10-1 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn. Mr. Jack Fishman on "Seven Men of Spandau" or the Resumption of Nazism in Germany. Tuesday, April 20, at 8 p.m., at Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd. W.1. Vis. 2s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, Sat., April 24, at 6 p.m. Miss B. Ferguson: "Del Caribe a la Antartida."

J. HUTTON Hynd: "The Pedigree of the Christian Easter." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., April 18, 6.30 p.m.

U.S.A. T. I. Emerson, Yale Professor of Law, leads Forum on Civil Rights in the U.S.A. 7.30 p.m., Fri., Apr. 23. Upstairs room, Bull & Mouth Tavern, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. Chairman, J. Platts-Mills. Aust.-N.Z. Civ. Lib. Society.

SOLIDARITY with Colonial Peoples. Hear speakers from India, Cyprus and other countries, together with Harry Pollitt at the St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, April 25, 7 p.m. Tickets 1s. from L.D.C.P., 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

"TEN Years of People's Poland—The Development of Science." Dr. Michael Seaton (visited Poland 1953). Chair.: J. A. P. Hall, M.Sc., A.R.C.S., Fri., April 23, 7.45. Brit.-Polish F'ship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

PUBLIC Meeting Socialist Party of Gt. Britain. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sun., April 18, 7 p.m. "Socialism & the World Today." Speakers: L. Bryan, D. Mons. Questions & Discn. Adm. free.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lect., Fri., 8.15, April 23. Eric J. Batson: "Bernard Shaw: Immoralist & Heretic." 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

LITERARY Circle in Hampstead, "Cercle Alfred Jarry." A preliminary meeting will be held at Rosslyn Hall, Willoughby Rd., N.W.3, Thurs., April 29, 8.15 punctually. All interested in French cultural activities incl. conversation welcome. R.S.V.P. Box 7273.

LONDON Jewish Society: "Acting and All That Nonsense," a talk by David Kossoff, the well-known actor. Thursday, April 22, 8 p.m. Arts Theatre, Great Newport St., W.C.2. Visitors 2s. 6d.

BAN the H-Bomb. Hear Rev. J. Boggis, Cmdr. E. Young, R.N. (Rtd.) at Hampstead Town Hall, Thurs., April 22 at 8 p.m. Admission 6d. Hampstead Peace Council.

ANGLO-German Assoc. Lord Pakenham: "A Visit to Germany," Thurs., April 22, Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1., 6.30 p.m.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 p.m., Sunday, April 18, Studio, 29 Addison Ave., W.11. (N. Holland Pk. Station). Discourse. Mrs. E. Hunter: Altar Stairs.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Apr. 16. Easter. Closed. Friday, Apr. 23. Mr. M. L. Burnet, "The Colour Bar."

YOGA. Tuesday evenings, 6.30, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Subject for April 27 & May 4: "Meditation in the Far East." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Adm. free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (Holborn), Thurs., April 22, 7.30: "Waking, Dream and Sleep." All welcome.

DEAD Sea Biblical Scrolls. Illustrated lecture by General Y. Yadin. Chairman: Miss K. M. Kenyon, M.A., D.Litt., F.S.A. At the Royal Society of Arts, 6 John Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.2, on April 21, at 6 p.m. Members free: others 1s. 6d. Tickets from Anglo-Israel Assoc., 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

A SERIES of five lectures on the Social Aspects of Mental Health will be given at Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. The series will be opened by His Worship the Mayor of Hampstead on April 21, at 8 p.m., when Lady Cynthia Colville, D.C.V.O., D.B.E., will speak on "Some Experiences in Juvenile Courts." The rest of the programme is as follows: April 28, at 8 p.m., Dr. J. A. C. Brown: "Social Causes of Mental Disorders." May 5, at 8 p.m., Mr. Immanuel Bierer: "Problems of Marriage." May 12, at 8 p.m., Dr. Paul Senft: "Social Therapy for Social Tensions." The last lecture, on May 19, at 8 p.m., will be given by Dr. J. L. Moreno of New York, who will speak on "Psychodrama: a New Form of Psychotherapy." Adm. free. Organized by the Institute of Social Psychiatry, 9 Fellows Road, N.W.3. Tel. PRI. 9091.

POLITICAL Economy. Free 10-week courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy will be held on Tuesdays and Thursdays beginning April 27 and 29 (separate classes) at Westminster 7-9 p.m. Write for full particulars and prospectus to the Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1., or telephone ABBey 6665.

FREE Economic Classes will also be held at Ilford, Muswell Hill, and Welling (Kent) on Wednesdays 8 to 10 p.m. beginning April 28, and at Enfield on Tuesdays 8 to 10 p.m. beginning April 27. Write for prospectus and full particulars (stating area) to the Secretary, Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, S.W.1., or telephone ABBey 6665.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

LANDSCAPE evening classes outdoors from April 28: individual instruction in oil, watercolour, gouache, etc. Apply for particulars to Secretary, Byam Shaw School, Campden Street, Kensington, W.8. (Park 4711.)

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research. If you would like to be in close touch with new thought and research on social problems, through regular communications, drop a card now to Reserch Com. Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, for full details of Research Communications Project.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance, Degrees (B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., etc., open without residence), and Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ord. and Adv.) London, Oxford, Cambridge, and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc., Moderate fees; instalments. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

CHILD Psychotherapy. The three-year Training Course in methods devised by Dr. Margaret Lowenfeld has been re-established. Students receive direct experience of a wide range of children and instruction by qualified lecturers in other schools of thought. Holders of the I.C.P. Diploma are employed by Public Authorities here and abroad. Prospectus from Secy., Institute of Child Psychology Ltd., 6 Pembridge Villas, W.11.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature: Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of the University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 23gns.; 21 days, 27gns.); covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berth for the night journey, supplement 3rd class, 1½gns.; 2nd class, 2½gns. Write for leaflet "1954 Summer Courses," Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

PORTUGUESE Evening Classes. All grades. Portuguese Language Committee, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7180.

GREGG Shorthand—Intensive Courses. France: King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees, Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967 p.m.

ERIC de Peyer teaches the Alexander Method at 7 Wellington Square, S.W.3. (SLO. 3141). Specially valuable for overtension, nerviness, faulty breathing including asthma, and lack of physical and mental poise.

LEARN touch-typing in your own home. Alice Loraine. MOU. 0398. Box 7346.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

CANTERBURY Summer School. Residential course Aug. 25 to Sept. 1, 1954. Incl. cost £8 10s. Architecture, History, Literary figures in the City. Write: Hon. Sec., Canterbury Society, 42 Cherry Drive, Canterbury.

SOVIET Life and Culture: S.C.R. Holiday Summer School, Sept. 4-11. Wortley Hall, nr. Sheffield. All-in fee £6 covers accommodation, 4 meals a day, daily lectures, Russian classes (beginners and elementary) and conversation, sports facilities (billiards, chess, fishing, table-tennis, tennis, &c.), two film shows, musical evening. Members' bar. Children under 15 half-price. Fee does not incl. travel or organised outings. Tutors: Ald. W. M. Hyman, Dr. A. Kettle, Dr. R. L. Meek, A. Rothstein, K. Watkins, &c. Book early. Send full fee £6 or part payment, deposit 30s. per person (state whether Russian classes desired) to: Organiser, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

BUDDHIST Summer School August 14-21. Roehampton, London. Lectures and study classes on Buddhism. Write for details, Buddhist Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

NEEDLES Studio, Rye, Pottery, weaving, painting. A creative holiday in 1954. £12 12s. weekly incl. accom. Partics. from L. G. Davie, 40 The Mint, Rye, Sussex.

HOUSE Party Holidays: you will find our special announcement on page 510. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

FREE Holiday in Surrey, July 4-10. The Education Department of the London Co-operative Society Ltd. are holding a One-Week Summer School at The Beatrice Webb House, nr. Dorking, Surrey, on the above date for Labour Party Members, Trade Unions and Co-operators. Admission free, excellent accommodation, plenty of leisure time, ideal surroundings. Full details from L.C.S. Education Secretary, 34 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Early application essential.

CAMBRIDGE Vacation Course on English Literature Since 1918. A Residential Course of unusual interest for both British and foreign students of English Literature will be held in Hughes Hall, Cambridge, from July 14 to August 4. Full particulars from F. E. Bell M.A., Stuart House, Cambridge.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

HOW are the Shipping Companies facing up to competition from the air? F. H. Coventry discusses this problem and the importance of design in connection with it in the April issue of "Art and Industry." Price 2s. 6d. from your bookseller.

WHOSE is "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden"? See R. Page Arnot's sardonic pen picture in Labour Monthly. Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half-yearly sub., from N., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

RENT "A House of Her Own," by Robert Mirvish. Published by Alvin Redman. Available now. 12s. 6d.

"BAN Those Bombs," by Dr. Burhop. 16pp. Illustrated pamphlet. 4d. plus post from B.P.C., 81 City Rd., E.C.1.

DYLAN Thomas: His brilliant satire "How To Be A Poet" appears in the current issue of "Now," which also contains entry form for £250 cash award scheme for writers. P/O for 1s. 9d. to Monktons, 140 Salisbury Square House, E.C.4, or through booksellers.

PSYCHOLOGY Teaching in Soviet Training Colleges. Also: Development of Sensations in Children. S.C.R. Education Bulletin, now in printed form, Vol. I, No. 1. From bookshops or S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1s. 6d. (post 3d.).

COOKERY Classics of the Century. "Indian Cookery," by Veerasawmy, 224 pages, the only authentic Indian Cook book. Outstanding, 10s. 6d. Countess Morphy's "Recipes of All Nations." 640 pages, complete 16s., and her "Mushroom Recipes," only 7s. 6d. Published by Arco Publishing Co., Ltd., 10 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1., and available from all good booksellers.

SHORT of money when you retire? Less to spend, fewer comforts? Not if you plan it right. Get new expert handbook "Retire & Enjoy It" (15s.) at your bookshop.

A DEFENCE of Woman's sexuality is ably and wittily set forth in "Adam's Rib," by Josephine Langstaff (Allen & Unwin). "Frank and lively"—Vera Brittain. May we send you a copy? 11s. post free. W. J. Bryce, Ltd. (Booksellers), 41 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

BOOKS on the Theatre (Catalogue 15), Rare and Interesting Books (Catalogue 16) now available post free from Peter Dalwood, 56 Colston Street, Bristol.

SOCIALIST Library for sale. Maitland, 22 Hamilton Park, N.5.

SCIENTIFICALLY-minded? Then "La Nature" will interest you (and help to keep your French up to date). Ask for a leaflet and details from B.A.A., 62 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

READ the Hushed-up Facts behind the recent Edinburgh "Inquiry" into Nature Cure treatment. The full story is in "Trial by Newspaper" in the "Kingston Health Chronicle," 7d. (by post 8½d. or annual sub. 8s. 6d.) fr. The Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

FABIAN Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1, is the best Socialist Bookshop in London. Specialists in Mail Orders.

BELSIZE Park has a well-stocked Bookshop, with a children's book-room & second-hand dept. Why not come and look round? Open till 6 p.m. Sats. Collet's, 193 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. (opp. Belsize Pk. Tube.)

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

GOOD books & Socialist material bought. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

WANTED: Long runs of Horizon; Criterion; Scrutiny; Transition & similar Journals. Large & small Libraries also purchased. Fishe & Sperr, Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St., London, N.6. (MOU. 7244.)

VINCENT Cleland, Foreign Books. All enquiries welcomed. 155c Clapton Common, E.5. (STA. 1849).

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 513 and 514

A hundred and ninety-seven inches strong!

To insulate a special transformer a few months ago, an Italian firm needed a reel of tough kraft paper 197 inches wide —a reel which, stood on end, would overtop a London double-decker bus. It was supplied by the Reed mill at Aylesford, the only one in Europe able to make kraft paper to such a width. And it presented no problems, for Aylesford Kraft is normally produced by machines up to twenty feet wide. Since 1929, when—despite general prophecies of failure—the first of these giant machines was installed, Aylesford Kraft has become famous for its strength, its pliancy, its consistent quality. It owes these attributes, first, to British enterprise and British craftsmanship; secondly to the pure kraft pulp from which all Aylesford Kraft is made. Imported with quality and moisture-content carefully controlled—the pulp is restored to the ideal condition before the great machines begin to work their transformation. From them emerges a paper which has no equal for bags, wrappings and multi-wall sacks. Aylesford Kraft is in ever-increasing demand, and to-day more kraft paper is made at Aylesford than at any other mills in Europe.

There is no better Kraft than AYLESFORD KRAFT—made in Kent by British craftsmen

Reed
PAPER GROUP

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD
Aylesford Mills, Tovil Mills and Bridge Mills, Maidstone

THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD · EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD · THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD · BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD · THE NATIONAL CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
REED FLONG LTD · HYGIENE PRODUCTS (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD · POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD
E. R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD · REED PAPER SALES LTD.

Head Office: 105 Piccadilly London W.1

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd. Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.